MODERN VERSE

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MODERN VERSE

BRITISH AND AMERICAN

EDITED BY

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FOREWORD

In looking over the anthologies of poetry on the shelves of any well-equipped public library, one thinks of the rats that followed the Pied Piper. There are war poems, love poems, sad poems, funny poems, old poems, new poems, child poems, college poems, poems of the city, poems of the country—anthologies by tens and dozens. In the latest additions to these we take particular pride, for they represent the verse of our own age.

Modern poetry is worth being proud of for at least two reasons. First, it appeals to many different types of people. Whether one is looking for poems that are heroic, fanciful, humorous, or thoughtful—poems on any subject from the steel industry to the immortality of the soul—poems of the loftiest imagination or the tenderest human interest—he will find his desires gratified. In no other period of English literature has poetry been so varied, so like an elaborate prism which flashes new beauty to each eye. For never before has it refracted the light of so many and such different personalities. It has been said that every one can write at least one good poem; and nowadays he can usually get it published. The name of our young poets is Legion. Moreover, many of our poets, even the best-known ones, have wide interests besides their poetry. They may be newspaper men, lawyers, college professors, army officers, social workers. The great emotional stimulus of the war drove vigorous, practical men and women of all ages and occupations to the discovery that poetry might be a solace and joy not only to the student or visionary, but to the average person.

The technique of modern poetry is no less free, novel and

richly varied than its viewpoint and ideas. Never before has the English language been molded into so many poetical shapes, some old, some new, some fantastic, many beautiful. Standard forms like blank verse, the sonnet, the couplet, the ballad stanza; free verse or polyphonic prose, woven in as many patterns as there are poets; imitations and adaptations of French, Greek, Japanese verse-forms—we find them all, and many others, in the constant stream that pours out of this poetic melting-pot. Whatever the form, the diction is usually simple and forceful, much like that of the best contemporary speech. There is very little inverted order; there are few threadbare or over-extended metaphors. We also like modern verse for its conciseness. The average poem of to-day is short, and for that reason the thought or image which it contains is the more likely to arrest and grip our attention.

Of course, no sensible person would claim that his own age had a monopoly of fine poetry any more than a monopoly of great men. Our contemporary poets themselves would be the last ones to urge that we read their verses *instead* of those by the older masters, for they appreciate more fully than we what is meant by poetic heritage. John Masefield's writing has been much influenced by his admiration for Chaucer. Amy Lowell, for years, was a devoted student of Keats. All they do ask is that we read their verses *in addition to* the old, world-famous ones, and value old and new alike at their true worth. In fact, many a person has found that—paradoxical as it sounds—the more vitally he is interested in contemporary literature, the more vitally he becomes interested in standard literature. For the present can never be fully interpreted save in the light of the past.

Still, we owe a definite debt to our own generation. No literature can reach its highest level without enthusiastic and intelligent readers. If we believe that from the struggles,

questionings, and aspirations of this age there are to emerge a few great poets who will guide us along the path of vision, we must prepare ourselves to understand and follow them. We must read contemporary verse with discrimination and yet with appreciation; we must talk about it freely and naturally; we must pass on what we like to our friends. I remember that one day I overheard two boys who were talking as they looked over my bookcases for something to read. Said one, "*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man?* Sure! I'll show you a peach of a poem in that!"

In that spirit, then, this book passes to other American school-boys and school-girls some modern poems which my own pupils have liked. For two years I have been reading contemporary verse aloud to junior and senior classes—or getting them to read it—and finding out what poems were favorites with the majority. The collection is a very simple one; it doesn't pretend to trace recent poetic development or to be all-inclusive. Even the Notes at the back of the book serve merely to point out trails which readers may follow for themselves. Sooner or later, most people discover that the verse of their own age is a source of real literary pleasure. Why not make that discovery early?

Formal acknowledgments to the publishers and authors who have permitted the use of the poems are made on the following pages. Informal, but equally sincere thanks are due to others. Helen Miller, H. P. H. S. 1919; Lester Klimm, H. P. H. S. 1920; and, in fact, all my upper-class pupils of the last two years have been my "collaborators" in a very real sense of the word; and the most helpful advice and suggestions have been contributed by Miss Hazeltine, Miss Brann and Mr. Hitchcock, my fellow-teachers and friends.

A. P. F.

Hartford, Conn.,
October, 1920.

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THE SEA

SEA-FEVER *

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

—*John Masefield*

* From *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*, by John Masefield. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

WILD WEATHER *

The sea was wild. The wind was proud.
He shook my curtains like a shroud.
He was a wet and worthy wind:
His hair with wild sea-crystals twined:
His cloak with wild sea-grasses green;
His slanted wings all gray and lean:
And strange and swift, and fierce and free
He cried, "Come out! and race with me!"

I snatched my mantle wide and red,
And far along the cliffs I fled.

The cliff-grass bowed itself in fear,
The gulls forgot what path to steer;
Below the cliffs the broad waves broke
In trampled ranks like fighting folk;
The ships with grisly sea-wrack blind,
Dead-drunken, cursed that chasing wind.

My lips with salt were wild to taste.
I leapt: I shouted and made haste:
Along the cliffs, above the sea,
With mad red mantle waving free,
And hair that whipped the eyes of me.

And there was no one else but he,
That great grim wind who called to me.

Oh, we ran far! Oh, we ran free!

—Fannie Stearns Davis

* From *Crack o' Dawn*, by Fannie Stearns Davis. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

HIGH-TIDE

I edged back against the night.
The sea growled assault on the wave-bitten shore,
And the breakers,
Like young and impatient hounds,
Sprang, with rough joy, on the shrinking sand,
Sprang—but were drawn back slowly,
With a long, relentless pull,
Whimpering, into the dark.

Then I saw who held them captive;
And I saw how they were bound
With a broad and quivering leash of light,
Held by the moon,
As, calm and unsmiling,
She walked the deep fields of the sky.

—*Jean Starr Untermeyer*

SAILOR TOWN *

Along the wharves in sailor town a singing whisper goes
Of the wind among the anchored ships, the wind that blows
Off a broad brimming water, where the summer day has died
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

There's a big China liner, gleaming like a gull,
And her lit ports flashing; there's the long gaunt hull

* *From Sailor Town*, by C. Fox Smith, copyright 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Of a Blue Funnel freighter with her derricks dark and still;
And a tall barque loading at the lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town is every kind of thing
That the sailormen buy there, or the ships' crews bring:
Shackles for a sea-chest and pink cockatoos,
Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead men's shoes.

You can hear the gulls crying, and the cheerful noise
Of a concertina going, and a singer's voice—
And the wind's song and the tide's song, crooning soft and
low
Rum old tunes in sailor town that seamen know.

I dreamed a dream in sailor town, a foolish dream and vain,
Of ships and men departed, of old days come again—
And an old song in sailor town, an old song to sing
When shipmate meets with shipmate in the evening.

—*Cicely Fox Smith.*

THE SHIP OF RIO

There was a ship of Rio
Sailed out into the blue,
And nine and ninety monkeys
Were all her jovial crew.
From bos'un to the cabin boy,
From quarter to caboose,
There weren't a stitch of calico
To breech 'em—tight or loose;
From spar to deck, from deck to keel,
From barnacle to shroud,

There weren't one pair of reach-me-downs
To all that jabbering crowd.
But wasn't it a gladsome sight,
When roared the deep-sea gales,
To see them reef her fore and aft,
A-swinging by their tails!
Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,
When glassy calm did come,
To see them squatting tailor-wise
Around a keg of rum!
Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,
When in she sailed to land,
To see them all a-seampering skip
For nuts across the sand!

Walter de la Mare

OLD ANCHOR CHANTY *

First Voice

With a long heavy heave, my very famous men. . . .
(Chorus. *Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

And why do you, lad, look so pale? Is it for love, or lack of ale?

First Voice

All hands bear a hand that have a hand to len'—
And there never was a better haul than you gave then. . . .
(Chorus. *Bring home!*)

* Taken by permission from *Poems, with Fables In Prose*, by Herbert Trench, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

First Voice

Heave hearty, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

Curl and scud, rack and squall—sea clouds you shall know them all. . . .

First Voice

For we're bound for Valparaiso and round the Horn again
From Monte Desolado to the parish of Big Ben! . . .
(*Bring home!*)

First Voice

Heave hearty, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

Bold through all or scuppers under, when shall we be back, I wonder?

First Voice

From the green and chaney water we shall all come back again
To the Lizard and the ladies—but who can say for when? . . .
(*Bring home!*)

First Voice

Heave and she's a-trip, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

When your fair lass says farewell to you a fair wind I will sell to you. . . .

First Voice

You may sell your soul's salvation, but I'll bet you two-pound-ten

She's a-tripping on the ribs of the devil in his den. . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice

Heave and she's a-peak, my very famous men. . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

You shall tread, for one cruzado, Fiddler's Green in El Dorado. . . .

First Voice

Why, I've seen less lucky fellows pay for liquor with doubloons

And for 'baccy with ozellas, gold mohurs, and ducatoons! . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice

Heave and a-weigh, my very famous men. . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

And drop her next in heat or cold, the flukes of England they shall hold! . . .

First Voice

Ring and shank, stock and fluke, she's coming into ken—
Give a long and heavy heave, she's a-coming into ken. . . .
(*Bring home!*)

First Voice

Heave in sight, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

With her shells and tangle dripping she's a beauty we are shipping. . . .

First Voice

And she likes a bed in harbor like a decent citizen,
But her fancy for a hammock on the deep sea comes again. . . .
(*Bring home!*)

First Voice

Heave and she's a-wash, my very famous men. . . .
(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice

O never stop to write the news that we are off upon a cruise. . . .

First Voice

For the Gulf of Californy's got a roller now and then
But it's better to be sailing than a-sucking of a pen. . . .
(*Bring home!*)

—*Herbert Trench*

IRRADIATIONS

III

In the gray skirts of the fog seamews skirl desolately,
And flick like bits of paper propelled by a wind
About the flabby sails of a departing ship
Crawling slowly down the low reaches
Of the river.
About the keel there is a bubbling and gurgling
Of grumpy water;
And as the prow noses out a way for itself,
It seems to weave a dream of bubbles and flashing foam,
A dream of strange islands whereto it is bound:
Pearl islands drenched with the dawn.
The palms flash under the immense dark sky,
Down which the sun dives to embrace the earth:
Drums boom and conches bray,
And with a crash of crimson cymbals
Suddenly appears above the polished backs of slaves
A king in a breastplate of gold
Gigantic
Amid tossed roses and swaying dancers
That melt into pale undulations and muffled echoes
'Mid the bubbling of the muddy water,
And the swirling of the seamews above the sullen river.

—*John Gould Fletcher*

CARGOES *

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

—*John Masefield*

THE OLD SHIPS

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'eroargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;

* From *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*, by John Masefield. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn,
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Æa, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

—*James Elroy Flecker*

SING A SONG O' SHIPWRECK *

He lolled on a bollard, a sun-burned son of the sea,
With ear-rings of brass and a jumper of dungaree,
" 'N' many a queer lash-up have I seen," says he.

"But the toughest hooray o' the racket," he says, "I'll be sworn,
'N' the roughest traverse I worked since the day I was born,
Was a packet o' Sailor's Delight as I scoffed in the seas o' the Horn.

"All day long in the calm she had rolled to the swell,
Rolling through fifty degrees till she clattered her bell;
'N' then came snow, 'n' a squall, 'n' a wind was colder 'n hell.

"It blew like the Bull of Barney, a beast of a breeze,
'N' over the rail come the cold green lollopin' seas,
'N' she went ashore at the dawn on the Ramirez.

"She was settlin' down by the stern when I got to the deck,
Her waist was a smother o' sea as was up to your neck,
'N' her masts were gone, 'n' her rails, 'n' she was a wreck.

"We rigged up a tackle, a purchase, a sort of a shift,
To hoist the boats off o' the deck-house and get them adrift,
When her stern gives a sickenin' settle, her bows give a lift,

"'N' comes a crash of green water as sets me afloat
With freezing fingers clutching the keel of a boat—
The bottom-up whaler—'n' that was the juice of a note.

* From *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*, by John Masefield. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"Well, I clambers aerost o' the keel 'n' I gets me secured,
When I sees a face in the white o' the smother to looard,
So I gives 'im a 'and, 'n' be shot if it wasn't the stooard!

"So he climbs up forrard o' me, 'n' 'thanky,' a' says,
'N' we sits 'n' shivers 'n' freeze to the bone wi' the sprays,
'N' I sings 'Abel Brown,' 'n' the stooard he prays.

"Wi' never a dollop to sup nor a morsel to bite,
The lips of us blue with the cold 'n' the heads of us light,
Adrift in a Cape Horn sea for a day 'n' a night.

" 'N' then the stooard goes dotty 'n' puts a tune to his lip
'N' moans about Love like a dern old hen wi' the pip—
(I sets no store upon stooards—they ain't no use on a ship).

"'N' 'mother,' the looney cackles, 'come 'n' put Willy to bed!'
So I says 'Dry up, or I'll fetch you a crack o' the head';
'The kettle's a-bilin',' he answers, ''n' I'll go butter the bread.'

" 'N' he falls to singin' some slush about clinkin' a can,
'N' at last he dies, so he does, 'n' I tells you, Jan,
I was glad when he did, for he weren't no fun for a man.

"So he falls forrard, he does, 'n' he closes his eye,
'N' quiet he lays 'n' quiet I leaves him lie,
'N' I was alone with his corp, 'n' the cold green sea and the sky.

"'N' then I dithers, I guess, for the next as I knew
Was the voice of a mate as was sayin' to one of the crew,
' Easy, my son, wi' the brandy, be shot if he ain't comin'-to!' "

—*John Masefield*

PIRATE TREASURE

A lady loved a swaggering rover;
The seven salt seas he voyaged over,
Bragged of a hoard none could discover,
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She bloomed in a mansion dull and stately,
And as to Meeting she walked sedately,
From the tail of her eye she liked him greatly.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Rings in his ears and a red sash wore he,
He sang her a song and he told her a story:
"I'll make ye Queen of the Ocean!" swore he.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

She crept from bed by her sleeping sister;
By the old gray mill he met and kissed her.
Blue day dawned before they missed her.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

And while they prayed her out of Meeting,
Her wild little heart with bliss was beating,
As seaward went the lugger fleeting.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Choose in haste and repent at leisure;
A buccaneer life is not all pleasure.
He set her ashore with a little treasure.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Off he sailed where waves were dashing,
Knives were gleaming, cutlasses clashing,
And a ship on jagged rocks went crashing.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Over his bones the tides are sweeping;
The only trace of the rover sleeping
Is what he left in the lady's keeping.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Two hundred years is his name unspoken,
The secret of his hoard unbroken;
But a black-browed race wears the pirate's token.
Hey! Jolly Roger, O.

Sea-blue eyes that gleam and glisten,
Lips that sing—and you like to listen—
A swaggering song. It might be this one:
"Hey! Jolly Roger, O."

—*Abbie Farwell Brown*

THE CITY

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

—*Carl Sandburg*

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT DAWN

Out of the cleansing night of stars and tides,
Building itself anew in the slow dawn,
The long sea-city rises: night is gone,
Day is not yet; still merciful, she hides
Her summoning brow, and still the night-ear glides
Empty of faces; the night-watchmen yawn
One to the other, and shiver and pass on,
Nor yet a soul over the great bridge rides.

Frail as a gossamer, a thing of air,
A bow of shadow o'er the river flung,
Its sleepy masts and lonely lapping flood;
Who, seeing thus the bridge a-slumber there,
Would dream such softness, like a picture hung,
Is wrought of human thunder, iron and blood?

—*Richard Le Gallienne*

EEN NAPOLI

Here een Noo Yorka, where am I
  Seence I am landa las' July,
All gray an' ogly ees da sky,
  An' cold as eet can be.
But steell so long I maka mon',
So long ees worka to be done,
I can forgat how shines da sun
    Een Napoli.

But oh, w'en pass da boy dat sal
Da violets, an' I can smal
How sweet dey are, I can not tal
  How seeck my heart ees be.
I no can work, how mooch I try,
But only seet an' wondra why
I could not justa leeve an' die
    Een Napoli.

—*T. A. Daly*

CITY ROOFS *

(From the Metropolitan Tower.)

Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?
  Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing lover;
  Wise people, simple people, children of despair—
  Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.

* *From Today and Tomorrow*, by Charles Hanson Towne, copyright 1916, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, O what sin you're knowing,
While above you in the sky the white clouds are blowing;
While beneath you, agony and dolor and grim strife
Fight the olden battle, the olden war of Life.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, cover up their shame—
Wretched souls, prison souls too piteous to name;
Man himself hath built you all to hide away the stars—
Roof-tops, roof-tops, you hide ten million scars.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, well I know you cover
Many solemn tragedies, and many a lonely lover;
But ah! you hide the good that lives in the throbbing city—
Patient wives, and tenderness, forgiveness, faith, and pity.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder:
You are thick as poisonous plants, thick the people under;
Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelterless they roam,
The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top, and no home!

—*Charles Hanson Towne*

BROADWAY *

How like the stars are these white, nameless faces!
These far innumerable burning coals!
This pale procession out of stellar spaces,
This Milky Way of souls!

* From *Poems and Ballads*, by Hermann Hagedorn. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Each in its own bright nebulæ enfurled,
Each face, dear God, a world!

I fling my gaze out through the silent night—
In those far stars, what gardens, what high halls,
Has mortal yearning built for its delight,
What chasms and what walls?
What quiet mansions where a soul may dwell?
What Heaven and what Hell?

—*Hermann Hagedorn*

THE PEDDLER *

I peddles pencils on Broadway.
I know it ain't a great career.
It's dull an' footless—so folks say—
And yet I've done it twenty year,
Held down my same old corner here
An' never missed a day.

I peddles, an' I watch the crowd.
I knows 'em—all they say an' do—
As if they shouted it out loud.
I look 'em through an' through an' through!
By crabs! they'd kill me if they knew—
They are so fine an' proud.

I knows 'em! Oh, it's in their eyes,
It's in their walk, it's in their lips!
They tries to bluff it—but I'm wise!
An' they're just children when you strips

* From *Poems and Ballads*, by Hermann Hagedorn. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

The smirk off; an' the clerks, the chips,
Stands clean of all the lies.

I've watched so long, I scarcely see
The clo'es——it's just the faces now.
Somehow I knows their misery,
An' wonders— when? An' where? An' how?
Elbow an' shoulder—on they plow—
An' yet somehow they speaks to me.

I'm like the priest—an' all day long
They tells me what they've thought an' done,
An' some is flabby, some is strong,
An' some of 'em was dead an' gone
Before they ever saw the sun. . . .
I know where some of 'em belong.

I peddles pencils. Christ! An' they?
They does the things that seems worth while.
I watch 'em growin' old an' gray,
An' queer about the eyes, an' smile
To see 'em when they've made their pile,
A-totterin' up Broadway.

—*Hermann Hagedorn*

ROSES IN THE SUBWAY *

A wan-cheeked girl with faded eyes
Came stumbling down the crowded car,

* From *Poems*, by Dana Burnet. Copyright 1915, by Harper & Brothers.

Clutching her burden to her breast
As though she held a star.

Roses, I swear it! Red and sweet
And struggling from her pinched white hands,
Roses . . . like captured hostages
From far and fairy lands!

The thunder of the rushing train
Was like a hush. . . The flower scent
Breathed faintly on the stale, whirled air
Like some dim sacrament—

I saw a garden stretching out
And morning on it like a crown—
And o'er a bed of crimson bloom
My mother . . . stooping down.

—*Dana Burnet*

THE FACTORIES

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;
I who ranged in the meadowlands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing-time was done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),
Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,
How shall she go scatheless through the sin-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her mating-time away—
Sister, my young sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest—
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
I, against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
God of Life! Creator! It was I! It was I!

—*Margaret Widdemer*

PRAYERS OF STEEL

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

—*Carl Sandburg*

ELLIS PARK

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.
I take your trees,
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street
And grass for carpet to my feet.
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me.
But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left
As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning—
Nothing lacking from your grace.
All your riches wait in place
For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

—*Helen Hoyt*

THE PARK *

All day the children play along the walks,
A robin sings high in a brave, green tree,
The city lifts gray temples at its marge,
But still it keeps the heart of Arcady.

Still blows a flower in the waving grass,
Lifting a face of beauty to the sun;
Still bursts the bough in joyous burgeoning—
Still comes a lover when the day is done.

Here the white moon, with magic in her train,
Stoops from the starry lanes of paradise,
And, with her ancient witchery of dreams,
Lays some new hope upon a poet's eyes.

See, on that bench beneath the drooping bough,
Did not yon grief-bowed figure lift its face?
Look how the moonlight finds him through the leaves,
Touching his brow with sudden crowns of grace!

O little park, O little land of hope,
Snatched from the world and held for God and me,
Still through thy walks the wistful cities go,
Searching the dream that yet might set them free!

—*Dana Burnet*

* From *Poems*, by Dana Burnet. Copyright, 1915, by Harper & Brothers.

AT TWILIGHT *

You are a painter—listen—
I'll paint you a picture too!
Of the long white lights that glisten
Through Michigan Avenue;
With the red lights down the middle
Where the street shines mirror-wet,
While the rain-strung sky is a fiddle
For the wind to feel and fret.
Look! far in the east great spaces
Meet out on the level lake,
Where the lit ships veil their faces
And glide like ghosts at a wake;
And up in the air, high over
The rain-shot shimmer of light,
The huge sky-scrapers hover
And shake out their stars at the night.
Oh, the city trails gold tassels
From the skirts of her purple gown,
And lifts up her commerce castles
Like a jewel-studded crown.
See, proudly she moves on, singing
Up the storm-dimmed track of time—
Road dark and dire,
Where each little light
Is a soul afire

From *You and I*, by Harriet Monroe. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Against the night!
Oh, grandly she marches, flinging
Her gifts at our feet, and singing!—
Have I chalked out a sketch in my rhyme?

—*Harriet Monroe*

IN LADY STREET

All day long the traffic goes
In Lady Street by dingy rows
Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
Fried fish, old clothes and fortune-tellers—
Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
And lorries with their corded bales,
And screeching cars. "Buy, buy!" the sellers
Of rags and bones and sickening meat
Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
In Lady Street, then all the grey
Dull desolation grows in state
More dull and grey and desolate,
And the sun is a shamefast thing,
A lord not comely-housed, a god
Seeing what gods must blush to see,
A song where it is ill to sing,
And each gold ray despiteously
Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
Looks for the sun. He never bent
Life to his will, his traveling feet
Have sealed no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
He lives in Lady Street; a bed,
Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
The wind among the barley-blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers
On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
Slicing the sinewy roots; he sees
The hooded filberts in the copse
Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
The netted avenues of hops;
He smells the honeysuckle thrown
Along the hedge. He lives alone,
Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Ay, Gloucester lanes. For down below
The cobwebbed room this gray man plies
A trade, a coloured trade. A show
Of many-coloured merchandise
Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy brave chrysanthemums.
And times a glossy pheasant lies

Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
More rich than are the neck-feathers;
And times a prize of violets,
Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned,
And times an unfamiliar wind
Robbed of its woodland favour stirs
Gay daffodils this grey man sets
Among his treasure.

All day long
In Lady Street the traffic goes
By dingy houses, desolate rows
Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes.
Day long the sellers cry their cries,
The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
Of lives that know not any right,
And drift, that has not even the will
To drift, toils through the day until
The wage of sleep is won at night.
But this grey man heeds not at all
The hell of Lady Street. His stall
Of many-coloured merchandise
He makes a shining paradise,
As all day long chrysanthemums
He sells, and red and yellow plums
And cauliflowers. In that one spot
Of Lady Street the sun is not
Ashamed to shine and send a rare
Shower of colour through the air;
The grey man says the sun is sweet
On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

—*John Drinkwater*

THE BARREL-ORGAN

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the moon,
And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
To remember and to recompense the music evermore
For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes; as the music changes,
Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
Through all the moods that pass;
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of all
The colours it forgets.

And there La Traviata sighs
Another sadder song;

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And there Il Trovatore cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into—*a dance!*—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote Il Trovatore did you dream
Of the City when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
And pulses with the sunset-glow?

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone
In the City as the sun sinks low;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone.
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known:
They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jeweled hand
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a rowing man that listens and his heart is crying out
In the City as the sun sinks low;
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute-gun, the counting and the long dishevelled rout,
For the howl along the tow-path and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And his hand begins to tremble and his face to smoulder red
As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep, it's ringing in her ears,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,
Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,
Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,

And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed
with tears
For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it
sweet
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May!)
If any one should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is—
My own love, my true love
Is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London!*)
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady
While the sky burns blue above:

On the other side of the street you'll find it shady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London!*)

But buy a bunch of violets for the lady
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset-glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again.
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets;
And the wheeling world remembers all
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more La Traviata sighs
Another sadder song:
Once more Il Trovatore cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
Once more the knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance
Till once, once more, the shattered foe
Has whirled into—*a dance!*

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

—Alfred Noyes

THE COUNTRY

THE GREEN INN

I sicken of men's company,
The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win,
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates,
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—
Great drinks mixed cunningly,
Wherein the scent of furze is blent
With odor of the sea;
As from a cup I drink it up
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn
Unvexed by man or ghost,
Yet ever fed and comforted,

Companioned by mine host,
And watched at night by that white light
High swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drought and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn.

—*Theodosia Garrison*

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN
1897

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the onananiche is waiting
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-
fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go, etc.

I

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
  Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
  While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,
  With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,
  And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!
    He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—
  Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies:
  Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that shrine?
  Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign—
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line—
  And to each a man that knows his naked soul!
White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover,
  Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat brings the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick! ah heave
the camp-kit over,
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-
fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

——*Rudyard Kipling*

TO THE THAWING WIND

Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snow-bank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;
But whatever you do to-night,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ices go;
Melt the glass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix;
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door.

—*Robert Frost*

MISTER HOP-TOAD *

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! Glad to see you out!
Bin a month o' Sundays sence I seen you hereabout.
Kind o' bin a-layin' in, from the frost and snow?
Good to see you out ag'in, it's bin so long ago!
Plows like slicin' cheese, and sod's loppin' over even;
Loam's like gingerbread, and clods's softer'n deceivin'—
Mister Hop-Toad, honest-true—Springtime—don't you love it?
You old rusty rascal you, at the bottom of it!

Oh, oh, oh!
I grabs up my old hoe;
But I sees *you*,
And s' I, "Ooh-ooh!
Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee-do!"

Make yourse'f more cumfo'bler—square round at your ease—
Don't set saggin' slanchwise, with your nose below your knees.
Swell that fat old throat o' yourn and lemme see you swaller;
Straighten up and hi'st your head!—*You* don't owe a dollar!—
Hain't no mor'gage on your land—ner no taxes, nuther;
You don't haf to work no roads—even ef you'd ruther!
'F I was you, and *fixed* like you, I railly wouldn't keer
To swop fer life and hop right in the presidential cheer!

Oh, oh, oh!
I hauls back my old hoe;

* From the Biographical Edition of the *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*, copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

But I sees *you*,
And s' I, "Ooh-ooh!
Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee-do!"

Long about next Aprile, hoppin' down the furry,
Won't you mind I ast you what 'peared to be the hurry?—
Won't you mind I hooked my hoe and hauled you back and smiled?—
W'y bless you, Mister Hop-Toad, I love you like a child!
S'pose I'd want to 'flict you any more'n what you air?—
S'pose I think you got no rights 'cept the warts you wear?
Hulk, sulk, and blink away, you old bloat-eyed rowdy!—
Hain't you got a word to say?—Won't you tell me "Howdy"?

Oh, oh, oh!
I swish round my old hoe;
But I sees *you*,
And s' I, "Ooh-ooh!
Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee-do!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley*

TO A POET

(BY SPRING)

Yes, Poet, I am coming down to earth,
To spend the merry months of blossom-time;
But don't break out in pæans of glad mirth
(Expressed in hackneyed rhyme.)

For once, dear Poet, won't you kindly skip
Your ode of welcome? It is such a bore;
I am no chicken, and I've made the trip
Six thousand times or more.

And as I flutter earthward every year,
You must admit that it grows rather stale
When I arrive, repeatedly to hear
The same old annual "Hail"!

Time was when I enjoyed the poet's praise,
Will Shakspere's song, or Mr. Milton's hymn;
Or even certain little twittering lays
By ladies quaint and prim.

Chaucer and Spenser filled me with delight,—
And how I loved to hear Bob Herrick woo!
Old Omar seemed to think I was all right,
And Aristotle, too.

But I am sated with this fame and glory,
Oh, Poet, leave Parnassian heights unsealed;
This time let me be spared the same old story,
And come for once unhailed!

—*Carolyn Wells*

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,

And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-sprayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of the winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

—*Richard Le Gallienne*

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY *

I know a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep with shade it lies,
A mighty cleft in the green bosoming hills,
A cool, dim gateway to the mountains' heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut; here and there
Through the deep forest laurel spreads and gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness—
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

Far overhead against the arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights
Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed.
The road winds in from the broad riverlands,
Luring the happy traveler turn by turn,
Up to the lofty mountain of the sky.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods the mountain stream comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks hang,
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.
There, light of heart and footfree, I would go

* From *April Airs*, by Bliss Carman. Copyright, 1916, by Small, Maynard and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard and Company, Inc.

Up to my home among the lasting hills,
And in my cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leafed beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening hymn—
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
It well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

—*Bliss Carman.*

HAYMAKING

After night's thunder far away had rolled,
The fiery day had a kernel sweet of cold,
And in the perfect blue the clouds uncurled,
Like the first gods before they made the world
And misery, swimming the stormless sea
In beauty and in divine gaiety.
The smooth white empty road was lightly strewn
With leaves—the holly's Autumn falls in June—
And fir cones standing stiff up in the heat.
The mill-foot water tumbled white and lit
With tossing crystals, happier than any crowd
Of children pouring out of school aloud.
And in the little thickets where a sleeper
Forever might lie lost, the nettle-creeper
And garden warbler sang unceasingly;
While over them shrill shrieked in his fierce glee
The swift with wings and tail as sharp and narrow

As if the bow had flown off with the arrow.
Only the scent of woodbine and hay new-mown
Traveled the road. In the field sloping down,
Park-like, to where its willows showed the brook,
Haymakers rested. The tosser lay forsook
Out in the sun; and the long wagon stood
Without its team; it seemed it never would
Move from the shadow of that single yew.
The team, as still, until their task was due,
Beside the laborers enjoyed the shade
That three squat oaks mid-field together made
Upon a circle of grass and weed uncut,
And on the hollow, once a chalk-pit, but
Now brimmed with nut and elder-flower so clean.
The men leaned on their rakes, about to begin,
But still. And all were silent. All was old,
This morning time, with a great age untold,
Older than Clare and Cobbett, Morland and Crome,
Than, at the field's far edge, the farmer's home,
A white house crouched at the foot of a great tree.
Under the heavens that know not what years be
The men, the beasts, the trees, the implements
Uttered even what they will in times far hence—
All of us gone out of the reach of change—
Immortal in a picture of an old grange.

—*Edward Thomas*

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE *

(IN THE BEGINNING)

The sun is a huntress young,
The sun is a red, red joy,
The sun is an Indian girl,
Of the tribe of the Illinois.

(MID-MORNING)

The sun is a smoldering fire,
That creeps through the high gray plain,
And leaves not a bush of cloud
To blossom with flowers of rain.

(NOON)

The sun is a wounded deer,
That treads pale grass in the skies,
Shaking his golden horns,
Flashing his baleful eyes.

(SUNSET)

The sun is an eagle old,
There in the windless west.
Atop of the spirit-cliffs
He builds him a crimson nest.

—*Vachel Lindsay*

* From *The Congo*, by Vachel Lindsay. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

A GREETING

Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend—
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you birds whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you shady bowers,
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk—
Be't calico or silk:
Good morning, Life—and all
Things glad and beautiful.

—*William H. Davies*

A VAGABOND SONG *

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

—*Bliss Carman* and *Richard Hovey*

THREE PIECES ON THE SMOKE OF AUTUMN

Smoke of autumn is on it all.
The streamers loosen and travel.
The red west is stopped with a gray haze.
They fill the ash trees, they wrap the oaks,
They make a long-tailed rider
In the pocket of the first, the earliest evening star.

---

* From *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Copyright, 1896, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey.

Three muskrats swim west on the Desplaines River.

There is a sheet of red ember glow on the river; it is dusk; and the muskrats one by one go on patrol routes west.

Around each slippery padding rat, a fan of ripples; in the silence of dusk a faint wash of ripples, the padding of the rats going west, in a dark and shivering river gold.

(A newspaper in my pocket says the Germans pierce the Italian line; I have letters from poets and sculptors in Greenwich Village; I have letters from an ambulance man in France and an I. W. W. man in Vladivostok.)

I lean on an ash and watch the lights fall, the red ember glow, and three muskrats swim west in a fan of ripples on a sheet of river gold.

Better the blue silence and the gray west,
The autumn mist on the river,
And not any hate and not any love,
And not anything at all of the keen and the deep:
Only the peace of a dog head on a barn floor,
And the new corn shoveled in bushels
And the pumpkins brought from the corn rows,
Umber lights of the dark,
Umber lanterns of the loam dark.
Here a dog head dreams.
Not any hate, not any love.
Not anything but dreams.
Brother of dusk and umber.

—*Carl Sandburg*

GOD'S WORLD

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,——Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight

I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.
For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

—*Robert Frost*

BROTHER BEASTS *

Winter is here
And there are no leaves
On the naked trees,
Save stars twinkling
As the wind blows.
Soft to the branches
The little screech-owl
Silently comes,
Silently goes,
With weird tremolos.

I would go out
And gather the stars
The wind shakes down,
Were they not scattered
So far in the West.
I would go ask
The little screech-owl
If he finds ease
There in his nest
After his quest.

I would go learn
If the small gray mouse
Who sets up house
In the frozen meadow
Dreams of the stars.
Or what he thinks

* Taken from *Wraiths and Realities*, by Cale Young Rice, by permission of the publishers, The Century Co.

There in the dark,
When flake on flake
Of white snow bars
Him in with its spars.

I would go out
And learn these things
That I may know
What dream or desire
Troubles my brothers
In nest or hole.
For even as I
The owl and the mouse,
Or blinded mole
With unborn soul,
May have some goal.

—*Cale Young Rice*

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—

Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood

Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

—*Robert Frost*

HIGHMOUNT

Hills, you have answered the craving
That spurred me to come;
You have opened your deep blue bosom
And taken me home.

The sea had filled me with the stress
Of its own restlessness;
My voice was in that angry roll
Of passion beating upon the world.
The ground beneath me shifted; I was swirled
In an implacable flood that howled to see
Its breakers rising in me,
A torrent rushing through my soul.
And tearing things free

I could not control.
A monstrous impatience, a stubborn and vain
Repetition of madness and longing, of question and pain,
Driving me up to the brow of this hill—
Calling and questioning still.

And you—you smile
In ordered calm;
You wrap yourself in cloudy contemplation while
The winds go shouting their heroic psalm,
The streams press lovingly about your feet
And trees, like birds escaping from the heat,
Sit in great flocks and fold their broad green wings. . . .
A cow bell rings
Like a sound blurred by sleep,
Giving the silence a rhythm
That makes it twice as deep. . . .
Somewhere a farm-hand sings. . . .

And here you stand
Breasting the elemental sea,
And put forth an invisible hand
To comfort me.
Rooted in quiet confidence, you rise
Above the frantic and assailing years;
Your silent faith is louder than the cries;
The shattering fears
Break and subside when they encounter you.
You know their doubts, the desperate questions—
And the answers too.

Hills, you are strong; and my burdens
Are scattered like foam.
You have opened your deep, blue bosom
And taken me home.

—*Louis Untermeyer*

A VIGNETTE

Among the meadows
lightly going,
With worship and joy
my heart o'erflowing,

Far from town
and toil of living,
To a holy day
my spirit giving, . . .

* * *

Thou tender flower,
I kneel beside thee
Wondering why God
so beautified thee.—

An answering thought
within me springeth,
A bloom of the mind
her vision bringeth.

Between the dim hill's
distant azure
And flowery foreground
of sparkling pleasure

I see the company
of figures sainted,
For whom the picture
of earth was painted.

Those robèd seërs
  who made man's story
The crown of Nature,
  Her cause his glory.

They walk in the city
  which they have builded,
The city of God
  from evil shielded:

To them for canopy
  the vault of heaven,
The flowery earth
  for carpet is given;

Whereon I wander
  not unknowing,
With worship and joy
  my heart o'erflowing.

—*Robert Bridges*

THE WORLD'S MISER *

I

A miser with an eager face
Sees that each roseleaf is in place.

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He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

The colours of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—well He may!

And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.

He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

II

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,

And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearmen small.

He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to shew it as His Own,

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,

That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture-books,

To shew in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

—*Theodore Maynard*

GOOD COMPANY

To-day I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk.
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of thine?

—*Karle Wilson Baker*

IRRADIATIONS

X.

The trees, like great jade elephants,
Chained, stamp and shake 'neath the gadflies of the breeze;
The trees lunge and plunge, unruly elephants:
The clouds are their crimson howdah-canopies,
The sunlight glints like the golden robe of a Shah.
Would I were tossed on the wrinkled backs of those trees.

—*John Gould Fletcher*

TREES *

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

——*Joyce Kilmer*

NIGHT-PIECE *

Ye hooded witches, baleful shapes that moan,
Quench your fantastic lanterns and be still;

* From *Joyce Kilmer; Poems, Essays, and Letters*, copyright 1918, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

* Taken by permission from *The Old Huntsman*, by Siegfried Sassoon, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

For now the moon through heaven sails alone,
Shedding her peaceful rays from hill to hill.
The faun from out his dim and secret place
Draws nigh the darkling pool and from his dream
Half-wakens, seeing there his sylvan face
Reflected, and the wistful eyes that gleam.

To his cold lips he sets the pipe to blow
Some drowsy note that charms the listening air:
The dryads from their trees come down and creep
Near to his side; monotonous and low,
He plays and plays till all the woodside there
Stirs to the voice of everlasting sleep.

—*Siegfried Sassoon*

THE FINAL SPURT

From *Reynard, the Fox**

At the sixth green field came the long slow climb,
To the Mourne End Wood as old as time
Yew woods dark, where they cut for bows,
Oak woods green with the mistletoes,
Dark woods evil, but burrowed deep
With a brock's earth strong, where a fox might sleep.
He saw his point on the heaving hill,
He had failing flesh and a reeling will,
He felt the heave of the hill grow stiff,
He saw black woods, which would shelter—If—

* From *Reynard the Fox*, by John Masefield. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Nothing else, but the steepening slope,
And a black line nodding, a line of hope
The line of the yews on the long slope's brow,
A mile, three-quarters, a half-mile now.
A quarter-mile, but the hounds had viewed
They yelled to have him this side the wood,
Robin capped them, Tom Dansey steered them
With a "Yooi, Yooi, Yooi," Bill Ridden cheered them,
Then up went hackles as Shatterer led,
"Mob him," cried Ridden, "the wood's ahead.
Turn him, damn it; Yooi, beauties, beat him,
O God, let them get him; let them eat him.
O God," said Ridden, "I'll eat him stewed,
If you'll let us get him this side the wood."

But the pace, uphill, made a horse like stone,
The pack went wild up the hill alone.
Three hundred yards, and the worst was past,
The slope was gentler and shorter-grassed,
The fox saw the bulk of the woods grow tall
On the brae ahead like a barrier-wall.
He saw the skeleton trees show sky,
And the yew trees darken to see him die,
And the line of the woods go reeling black;
There was hope in the woods, and behind, the pack.

Two hundred yards, and the trees grew taller,
Blacker, blinder, as hope grew smaller,
Cry seemed nearer, the teeth seemed gripping
Pulling him back, his pads seemed slipping.
He was all one ache, one gasp, one thirsting,
Heart on his chest-bones, beating, bursting,
The hounds were gaining like spotted pards
And the wood-hedge still was a hundred yards.

The wood hedge black was a two year, quick
Cut-and-laid that had sprouted thick
Thorns all over, and strongly plied,
With a clean red ditch on the take-off side.

He saw it now as a redness, topped
With a wattle of thorn-work spiky cropped,
Spiky to leap on, stiff to force,
No safe jump for a failing horse,
But beyond it, darkness of yews together,
Dark green plumes over soft brown feather,
Darkness of woods where scents were blowing
Strange scents, hot scents, of wild things going,
Scents that might draw these hounds away.
So he ran, ran, ran to that clean red clay,

Still, as he ran, his pads slipped back,
All his strength seemed to draw the pack,
The trees drew over him dark like Norns,
He was over the ditch and at the thorns.

He thrust at the thorns, which would not yield,
He leaped, but fell, in sight of the field,
The hounds went wild as they saw him fall,
The fence stood stiff like a Buck's flint wall.

He gathered himself for a new attempt,
His life before was an old dream dreamt,
All that he was was a blown fox quaking,
Jumping at thorns too stiff for breaking,
While over the grass in crowd, in cry,
Came the grip teeth grinning to make him die,
The eyes intense, dull, smoldering red,
The fell like a ruff round each keen head,

The pace like fire, and scarlet men
Galloping, yelling, "Yooi, eat him, then."
He gathered himself, he leaped, he reached
The top of the hedge like a fish-boat beached.
He steadied a second and then leaped down
To the dark of the wood where bright things drown.

—*John Masefield*

THE HORSE THIEF

There he moved, cropping the grass at the purple canyon's lip.
His mane was mixed with the moonlight that silvered his snow-white side,
For the moon sailed out of a cloud with the wake of a spectral ship.
I crouched and I crawled on my belly, my lariat coil looped wide.

Dimly and dark the mesas broke on the starry sky.
A pall covered every color of their gorgeous glory at noon.
I smelt the yucca and mesquite, and stifled my heart's quick cry,
And wormed and crawled on my belly to where he moved against the moon!

Some Moorish barb was that mustang's sire. His lines were beyond all wonder.
From the prick of his ears to the flow of his tail he ached in my throat and eyes.

Steel and velvet grace! As the prophet says, God had
"clothed his neck with thunder".
Oh, marvelous with the drifting cloud he drifted across the
skies!

And then I was near at hand—crouched, and balanced, and
east the coil;
And the moon was smothered in cloud, and the rope
through my hands with a rip!
But somehow I gripped and clung, with the blood in my brain
aboil,—
With a turn round the rugged tree-stump there on the
purple canyon's lip.

Right into the stars he reared aloft, his red eye rolling and
raging.
He whirled and sunfished and lashed, and rocked the earth
to thunder and flame.
He squealed like a regular devil horse. I was haggard and
spent and aging—
Roped clean, but almost storming clear, his fury too fierce
to tame.

And I cursed myself for a tenderfoot moon-dazzled to play
the part,
But I was doubly desperate then, with the posse pulled out
from town,
Or I'd never have tried it. I only knew I must get a mount
and a start.
The filly had snapped her foreleg short. I had had to shoot
her down.

So there he struggled and strangled, and I snubbed him
around the tree.
Nearer, a little nearer—hoofs planted, and lolling tongue—

Till a sudden slack pitched me backward. He reared right on top of me.
Mother of God—that moment! He missed me . . . and up I swung.

Somehow, gone daft completely and clawing a bunch of his mane,
As he stumbled and tripped in the lariat, there I was—up and astride.
And cursing for seven counties! And the mustang? *Just insane!*
Crack-bang! went the rope; we cannoned off the tree—then —gods, that ride!

A rocket—that's all, a rocket! I dug with my teeth and nails.
Why, we never hit even the high spots (though I hardly remember things),
But I heard a monstrous booming like a thunder of flapping sails
When he spread—well, *call* me a liar!—when he spread those wings, those wings!

So white that my eyes were blinded, thick-feathered and wide unfurled
They beat the air into billows. We sailed, and the earth was gone.
Canyon and desert and mesa withered below, with the world.
And then I knew that mustang; for I—was Bellerophon!

Yes, glad as the Greek, and mounted on a horse of the elder gods,
With never a magic bridle or a fountain-mirror nigh!

My chaps and spurs and holster must have looked it? What's
the odds?
I'd a leg over lightning and thunder, careering across the
sky!

And forever streaming before me, fanning my forehead cool,
Flowed a mane of molten silver; and just before my thighs
(As I gripped his velvet-muscled ribs, while I cursed
myself for a fool),
The steady pulse of those pinions—their wonderful fall and
rise!

The bandanna I bought in Bowie blew loose and whipped
from my neck.
My shirt was stuck to my shoulders and ribboning out
behind.
The stars were dancing, wheeling and glancing, dipping with
smirk and beck.
The clouds were flowing, dusking and glowing. We rode a
roaring wind.

We soared through the silver starlight to knock at the planets'
gates.
New shimmering constellations came whirling into our ken.
Red stars and green and golden swung out of the void that
waits
For man's great last adventure; the Signs took shape—
and then

I knew the lines of that Centaur the moment I saw him come!
The musical-box of the heavens all around us rolled to a
tune
That tinkled and chimed and trilled with silver sounds that
struck you dumb,
As if some archangel were grinding out the music of the
moon.

Melody-drunk on the Milky Way, as we swept and soared hilarious,
Full in our pathway, sudden he stood—the Centaur of the Stars,
Flashing from head and hoofs and breast! I knew him for Sagittarius.
He reared and bent and drew his bow. He crouched as a boxer spars.

Flung back on his haunches, weird he loomed—then leapt—and the dim void lightened.
Old White Wings shied and swerved aside, and fled from the splendor-shod.
Through a flashing welter of worlds we charged. I knew why my horse was frightened.
He *had* two faces—a dog's and a man's— that Babylonian god!

Also, he followed us real as fear. Ping! went an arrow past.
My broncho buck-jumped, humping high. We plunged . . . I guess that's all!
I lay on the purple canyon's lip, when I opened my eyes at last—
Stiff and sore and my head like a drum, but I broke no bones in the fall.

So you know—and now you may string me up. Such was the way you caught me.
Thank you for letting me tell it straight, though you never could greatly care.
For I took a horse that wasn't mine! . . . But there's one the heavens brought me,
And I'll hang right happy, because I know he is waiting for me up there.

From creamy muzzle to cannon-bone, by God, he's a peerless
wonder!
He is steel and velvet and furnace-fire, and death's su-
premest prize;
And never again shall be roped on earth that neck that is
"clothed with thunder" . . .
String me up, Dave! Go dig my grave! *I rode him across
the skies!*

—*William Rose Benét*

WAR

THE RETURN *

He went, and he was gay to go;
And I smiled on him as he went.
My son—'twas well he couldn't know
My darkest dread, nor what it meant—

Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What stranger would come back to me.

—*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson*

THE ROAD OF THE REFUGEES *

Listen to the tramping! Oh, God of pity, listen!
Can we kneel at prayer, sleep all unmolested,
While the echo thunders?—God of pity, listen!
Can we think of prayer—or sleep—so arrested?

Million upon million fleeing feet in passing
Trample down our prayers—trample down our sleeping;
How the patient roads groan beneath the massing
Of the feet in going, bleeding, running, creeping!

* From *Collected Poems*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

* From *The Sad Years*, by Dora Sigerson, copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Clank of iron shoe, unshod hooves of cattle,
Pad of roaming hound, creak of wheel in turning,
Clank of dragging chain, harness ring and rattle,
Groan of breaking beam, crash of roof-tree burning.

Listen to the tramping! God of love and pity!
Million upon million fleeing feet in passing
Driven by the war out of field and city,
How the sullen road echoes to the massing!

Little feet of children, running, leaping, lagging,
Toiling feet of women, wounded, weary guiding,
Slow feet of the aged, stumbling, halting, flagging.
Strong feet of the men loud in passion striding.

Hear the lost feet straying, from the roadway slipping
They will walk no longer in this march appalling;
Hear the sound of rain dripping, dripping, dripping,
Is it rain or tears? What, O God, is falling?

Hear the flying feet! Lord of love and pity!
Crushing down our prayers, tramping down our sleeping,
Driven by the war out of field and city,
Million upon million, running, bleeding, creeping.

—*Dora Sigerson*

THE BOMBARDMENT *

Slowly, without force, the rain drops into the city. It stops a moment on the carved head of Saint John, then

* From *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, by Amy Lowell. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

slides on again, slipping and trickling over his stone cloak. It splashes from the lead conduit of a gargoyle, and falls from it in turmoil on the stones in the Cathedral square. Where are the people, and why does the fretted steeple sweep about in the sky? Boom! The sound swings against the rain. Boom, again! After it, only water rushing in the gutters, and the turmoil from the spout of the gargoyle. Silence. Ripples and mutters. Boom!

The room is damp, but warm. Little flashes swarm about from the firelight. The lusters of the chandelier are bright, and clusters of rubies leap in the bohemian glasses on the *étagère*. Her hands are restless, but the white masses of her hair are quite still. Boom! Will it never cease to torture, this iteration! Boom! The vibration shatters a glass on the *étagère*. It lies there, formless and glowing, with all its crimson gleams shot out of pattern, spilled, flowing red, blood-red. A thin bell-note pricks through the silence. A door creaks. The old lady speaks: "Victor, clear away that broken glass." "Alas! Madame, the bohemian glass!" "Yes, Victor, one hundred years ago my father brought it—" Boom! The room shakes, the servitor quakes. Another goblet shivers and breaks. Boom!

It rustles at the window-pane, the smooth, streaming rain, and he is shut within its clash and murmur. Inside is his candle, his table, his ink, his pen, and his dreams. He is thinking, and the walls are pierced with beams of sunshine, slipping through young green. A fountain tosses itself up at the blue sky, and through the spattered water in the basin he can see copper carp, lazily floating among cold leaves. A wind-harp in a cedar-tree grieves and whispers, and words blow into his brain, bubbled, iridescent, shooting up like flowers of fire, higher and higher. Boom! The flame-flowers snap

on their slender stems. The fountain rears up in long broken spears of dishevelled water and flattens into the earth. Boom! And there is only the room, the table, the candle, and the sliding rain. Again, Boom!—Boom!—Boom! He stuffs his fingers into his ears. He sees corpses, and cries out in fright. Boom! It is night, and they are shelling the city! Boom! Boom!

A child wakes and is afraid, and weeps in the darkness. What has made the bed shake? "Mother, where are you? I am awake." "Hush, my darling, I am here." "But, Mother, something so queer happened, the room shook." Boom! "Oh! What is it? What is the matter?" Boom! "Where is Father? I am so afraid." Boom! The child sobs and shrieks. The house trembles and creaks. Boom!

Retorts, globes, tubes and phials lie shattered. All his trials oozing across the floor. The life that was his choosing, lonely, urgent, goaded by a hope, all gone. A weary man in a ruined laboratory, that is his story. Boom! Gloom and ignorance, and the jig of drunken brutes. Disease like snakes crawling over the earth, leaving trails of slime. Wails from people burying their dead. Through the window, he can see the rocking steeple. A ball of fire falls on the lead of the roof, and the sky tears apart on a spike of flame. Up the spire, behind the lacings of stone, zigzagging in and out of the carved tracings, squirms the fire. It spouts like yellow wheat from the gargoyles, coils round the head of Saint John, and aureoles him in light. It leaps into the night and hisses against the rain. The Cathedral is a burning stain on the white, wet night.

Boom! The Cathedral is a torch, and the houses next to it begin to scorch. Boom! The bohemian glass on the *étagère*

is no longer there. Boom! A stalk of flame sways against the red damask curtains. The old lady cannot walk. She watches the creeping stalk and counts. Boom!—Boom!—Boom!

The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold and powdered with scarlet beads. The city burns. Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming, run the flames. Over roofs and walls and shops, and stalls. Smearing its gold on the sky, the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lisps and chuckles along the floors.

The child wakes again and screams at the yellow petalled flower flickering at the window. The little red lips of flame creep along the ceiling beams.

The old man sits among his broken experiments and looks at the burning Cathedral. Now the streets are swarming with people. They seek shelter and crowd into the cellar. They shout and call, and over all, slowly and without force, the rain drops into the city. Boom! And the steeple crashes down among the people. Boom! Boom, again! The water rushes along the gutters. The fire roars and mutters. Boom!

—*Amy Lowell*

THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

The old houses of Flanders,
They watch by the high cathedrals;

They overtop the high town-halls;
They have eyes, mournful, tolerant, and sardonic, for the ways of men
In the high, white, tiled gables.

The rain and the night have settled down on Flanders;
It is all wet darkness; you can see nothing.

Then those old eyes, mournful, tolerant, and sardonic,
Look at great, sudden, red lights,
Look upon the shades of the cathedrals;
And the golden rods of the illuminated rain,
For a second . . .

And those old eyes,
Very old eyes that have watched the ways of men for many generations,
Close forever.
The high, white shoulders of the gables
Slouch together for a consultation,
Slant drunkenly over in the lee of the flaming cathedrals.
They are no more, the old houses of Flanders.

—*Ford Madox Hueffer*

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—1914

A wingéd death has smitten dumb thy bells,
And poured them molten from thy tragic towers;
Now are the windows dust that were thy flowers
Patterned like frost, petaled like asphodels.
Gone are the angels and the archangels.

The saints, the little lamb above thy door,
The shepherd Christ! They are not, any more,
Save in the soul where exiled beauty dwells.
But who has heard within thy vaulted gloom
That old divine insistence of the sea,
When music flows along the sculptured stone
In tides of prayer, for him thy windows bloom
Like faithful sunset, warm immortally!
Thy bells live on, and Heaven is in their tone!

—*Grace Hazard Conkling*

THE OLD SOLDIER

(14th November 1914)

Lest the young soldiers be strange in Heaven,
God bids the old soldier they all adored
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, new-shriven,
A happy door-keeper in the House of the Lord.

Lest it abash them, the great new splendor,
Lest they affright them, the new robes clean,
God sets an old face there, long-tried and tender,
A word and a hand-clasp as they troop in.

My boys! he welcomes them and Heaven is homely;
He, their great Captain in days gone o'er.
Dear is the face of a friend, honest and comely,
As they come home from the war and he at the door.

—*Katherine Tynan*

FUNK

When your marrer bone seems 'oller,
And you're glad you ain't no taller,
And you're all a-shakin' like you 'ad the chills;
When your skin creeps like a pullet's,
And you're duckin' all the bullets,
And you're green as gorgonzola round the gills;
When your legs seem made of jelly,
And you're squeamish in the belly,
And you want to turn about and do a bunk:
For Gawd's sake, kid, don't show it!
Don't let your mateys know it—
You're just sufferin' from funk, funk, funk.

Of course there's no denyin'
That it ain't so easy tryin'
To grin and grip your rifle by the butt,
When the 'ole world rips asunder,
And you sees your pal go under,
As a bunch of shrapnel sprays 'im on the nut:
I admit it's 'ard contrivin'
When you 'ears the shells arrivin',
To discover you're a bloomin' bit o' spunk;
But my lad, you've got to do it,
And your God will see you through it,
For wot 'E 'ates is funk, funk, funk.

So stand up, son; look gritty,
And just 'um a lively ditty,
And only be afraid to be afraid;
Just 'old yer rifle steady,

And 'ave yer bay'nit ready,
For that's the way good soldier-men is made.
And if you 'as to die,
As it sometimes 'appens, why,
Far better die a 'ero than a skunk;
A-doin' of yer bit,
And so—to 'ell with it,
There ain't no bloomin' funk, funk, funk.

—*Robert W. Service*

THE DEVOUT HIGHLANDER *

I

Listen, laddies: Gin ye go into the battle, be devout;
Dinna trust to thews an' sinews or yer sin wull find ye out;
Dinna think yoursel' omnipotent—gie Providence His due
An' then fight fer a' yer worth because the Lord expects ye to.

An' ye maun pray, pray,
Lord defend the right;
Pray, pray,
Before ye start to fight;
Dinna waver at a trifle
(Use the butt-end o' yer rifle).
Ask the Lord to gie ye strength wherewith to smite,
smite, smite,
AN' PIT YER BACK INTO IT, LADDIE, GIN YE SMITE!

* From *Songs of the Shrapnel Shell*, by Captain Cyril Morton Horne. Copyright, 1916, 1918, by Harper & Brothers.

II

When the Germans came upon us, said me mither—"Donald, Boy,
Ye'll no look upon this fightin' as a pastime or a joy."
Sez I—"Mither, I'm for prayin' an' for fightin' I am loath,
But the Lord Almighty wills it that I'll do a bit o' both!"

But ye maun pray, pray—etc.

III

I remember out at Wipers I obsarved a German lad
Takkin' pot shots at our snipers—but his aim was awfu' bad—
So I prayed the Lord to help me, found the range and drew a bead,
An' the Lord was verra kind because the German laddie's de'ed.

So ye maun pray, pray—etc.

IV

There was muckle lusty fightin' round the Yser River banks,
An' the German dum-dum bullets caused confusion i' the ranks;
It was then, through force o' circumstance (as feyther used to say)
I felt justified i' feeling I had raythcr fight than pray!

But ye maun pray, pray—etc.

V

At La Bassey I was singled—while we wallowed i' the mud—
By a German unbeliever who was thirstin' for me blood,
So I turned before retreatin' frae the trench, an' made a stand
An' I pierced him thro' the stomach as the Lord had fully planned.

So ye maun pray, pray—etc.

VI

This is no a lecture, laddies; ye can only do yer best—
Draw a bead an' pull the trigger, an' the Lord wull do the rest.
Ye maun simply try to follow out the teachin' o' the church,
An' since the Lord is on yer side ye mauna leave Him i' the lurch.

But ye maun pray, pray,
Lord defend the right;
Pray, pray,
Before ye start to fight;
Dinna waver at a trifle
(Use the butt-end o' yer rifle).
Ask the Lord to gie ye strength wherewith to smite,
smite, smite,
AN' PIT YER BACK INTO IT, LADDIE, GIN YE SMITE!

—*Cyril Morton Horne*

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD *

(Seen from a Train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

—*W. M. Letts*

* Taken by permission from *The Spires of Oxford*, by Winifred M. Letts, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

—*Rupert Brooke*

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land

And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I have a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—*Alan Seeger*

IN FLANDERS FIELDS *

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

* From *In Flanders Fields*, by John McCrae. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—*John McCrae*

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING

O you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life,
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you.
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the Challenge
Fails us, too.

Now in the hour that shows the strong—
The soul no evil powers affray—
Drive straight against embattled wrong!
Faith knows but one, the hardest, way.
Endure; the end is worth the throe,
Give, give, and dare; and again dare!
On, to that Wrong's great overthrow.
We are with you, of you; we the pain
And victory share.

—*Laurence Binyon*

COUNTER-ATTACK *

We'd gained our first objective hours before
While dawn broke like a face with blinking eyes,
Pallid, unshaven and thirsty, blind with smoke,
Things seemed all right at first. We held their line,
With bombers posted, Lewis guns well placed,
And clink of shovels deepening the shallow trench.

The place was rotten with dead; green clumsy legs
High-booted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps;
And trunks, face downward, in the sucking mud,
Wallowed like trodden sand-bags loosely filled;
And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,
Bulged, clotted heads slept in the plastering slime.
And then the rain began,—the jolly old rain!

A yawning soldier knelt against the bank,
Staring across the morning blear with fog;
He wondered when the Allemands would get busy;
And then, of course, they started with five-nines
Traversing, sure as fate, and never a dud.
Mute in the clamor of shells he watched them burst
Spouting dark earth and wire gusts from hell,
While posturing giants dissolved in drifts of smoke.
He crouched and flinched, dizzy with galloping fear,
Sick for escape,—loathing the strangled horror
And butchered, frantic gestures of the dead.

* Taken by permission from *Counter-Attack*, by Siegfried Sassoon, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

An officer came blundering down the trench:
"Stand-to and man the fire-step!" On he went . . .
Gasping and bawling. "Fire-step . . . counter-attack!"
Then the haze lifted. Bombing on the right
Down the old sap: machine-guns on the left;
And stumbling figures looming out in front.
"O Christ, they're coming at us!" Bullets spat,

And he remembered his rifle . . . rapid fire . . .
And started blazing wildly . . . then a bang
Crumpled and spun him sideways, knocked him out
To grunt and wriggle: none heeded him; he choked
And fought the flapping veils of smothering gloom,
Lost in a blurred confusion of yells and groans . . .
Down, and down, and down, he sank and drowned,
Bleeding to death. The counter-attack had failed.

—*Siegfried Sassoon*

NOON *

(I FROM "BATTLE")

It is midday: the deep trench glares . . .
A buzz and blaze of flies. . . .
The hot wind puffs the giddy airs. . . .
The great sun rakes the skies.

No sound in all the stagnant trench
Where forty standing men

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Endure the sweat and grit and stench,
Like cattle in a pen.

Sometimes a sniper's bullet whirs
Or twangs the whining wire;
Sometimes a soldier sighs and stirs
As in hell's frying fire.

From out a high cool cloud descends
An aeroplane's far moan. . . .
The sun strikes down, the thin cloud rends . . .
The black speck travels on.

And sweating, dizzied, isolate
In the hot trench beneath,
We bide the next shrewd move of fate
Be it of life or death.

—*Robert Nichols*

TO LUCASTA ON GOING TO THE WAR—FOR THE FOURTH TIME

It doesn't matter what's the cause
  What wrong they say we're righting,
A curse for treaties, bonds and laws,
  When we're to do the fighting!
And since we lads are proud and true,
  What else remains to do?
Lucasta, when to France your man
Returns his fourth time, hating war,
Yet laughs as calmly as he can
  And flings an oath, but says no more,

That is not courage, that's not fear—
Lucasta, he's a Fusilier,
  And his pride keeps him here.

Let statesmen bluster, bark and bray,
  And so decide who started
This bloody war, and who's to pay,
  But he must be stout-hearted,
Make sit and stake with quiet breath,
  Playing at cards with Death.
Don't plume yourself he fights for you;
It is no courage, love or hate,
But let us do the things we do;
  It's pride that makes the heart be great;
It is not anger, no, nor fear—
Lucasta, he's a Fusilier,
    And his pride keeps him here.

—*Robert Graves*

RETREAT *

Broken, bewildered by the long retreat
Across the stifling leagues of Southern plain,
Across the scorching leagues of trampled grain,
Half-stunned, half-blinded by the trudge of feet
And dusty smother of the August heat,
He dreamt of flowers in an English lane,
Of hedgerow flowers glistening after rain—
All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet.

* From *Collected Poems*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet—
The innocent names kept up a cool refrain,
All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet,
Chiming and tinkling through his aching brain
Until he babbled as a child again—
"All-heal and willowherb and meadowsweet."

—*Wilfrid W. Gibson*

NIGHT IN MESOPOTAMIA

A quiver in the hot and breathless air
Like the faint frou-frou of a woman's dress.
The restless sleepers turn, their bodies bare
To this babe spirit of the wilderness
Whose frail, yet welcome hands damp brows caress—
Bringer of blesséd sleep dispelling care—
Until the pipings of dawn express
Another day of blistering heat and glare.

There, out beneath the open starlit dome
Come dreams that bloom and fade like fragile flowers,
To some, the simple cries of hearth and home,
To others, memories of gilded hours;
Mayhap the fragrance of some Beauty's bowers,
Far out of reach to wandering souls who roam.

—*A. J. E. Dawson*

DOES IT MATTER?*

Does it matter?—losing your leg? . . .
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter?—losing your sight? . . .
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter?—those dreams from the pit? . . .
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you've fought for your country,
And no one will worry a bit.

—*Siegfried Sassoon*

THE DAWN PATROL

Sometimes I fly at dawn above the sea,
Where, underneath, the restless waters flow—
  Silver, and cold, and slow.
Dim in the East there burns a new-born sun
Whose rosy gleams along the ripples run,
  Save where the mist droops low,
Hiding the level loneliness from me.

* Taken by permission from *Counter-Attack*, by Siegfried Sassoon, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

And now appears beneath the milk-white haze
A little fleet of anchored ships, which lie
  In clustered company.
And seem as they are yet fast bound by sleep
Although the day has long begun to peep,
  With red-inflamed eye,
Along the still, deserted ocean ways.

The fresh, cold wind of dawn blows on my face
As in the sun's raw heart I swiftly fly,
  And watch the seas glide by.
Scarce human seem I, moving through the skies,
And far removed from warlike enterprise—
  Like some great gull on high
Whose white and gleaming wings beat on through space.

Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone
High in the virgin morn, so white and still
  And free from human ill:
My prayers transcend my feeble earth-bound plaints—
As though I sang among the happy Saints
  With many a holy thrill—
As though the glowing sun were God's bright Throne.

My flight is done. I cross the line of foam
That breaks around a town of gray and red,
  Whose streets and squares lie dead
Beneath the silent dawn—then am I proud
That England's peace to guard I am allowed;—
  Then bow my humble head
In thanks to Him Who brings me safely home.

—*Paul Bewsher*, R. N. A. S., D. S. C.

Luxeuil-les-Bains, 1917

AN OPEN BOAT *

O what is that whimpering there in the darkness?
"Let him lie in my arms. He is breathing, I know.
Look. I'll wrap all my hair round his neck."—
"The sea's rising,
The boat must be lightened. He's dead. He must go."

See—quick—by that flash, where the bitter foam tosses,
The cloud of white faces, in the black open boat,
And the wild pleading woman that clasps her dead lover
And wraps her loose hair round his breast and his throat.

"Come, lady, he's dead." "No, I feel his heart beating.
He's living I know. But he's numbed with the cold.
See, I'm wrapping my hair all around him to warm him."—
"No. We can't keep the dead, dear. Come, loosen your hold.

"Come. Loosen your fingers."—"O God, let me keep him!"
O, hide it, black night! Let the winds have their way!
For there are no voices or ghosts from that darkness,
To fret the bare seas at the breaking of day.

—*Alfred Noyes*

ADMIRAL DUGOUT *

He had done with fleets and squadrons, with the restless, roaming seas,
He had found the quiet haven he desired,

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* From *Small Craft*, by C. Fox Smith, copyright 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

And he lay there to his moorings with the dignity and ease
Most becoming to Rear-Admirals (retired).
He was reared 'mid "spit and polish," he was bred to "stick and string"—
All the things the ultra-moderns never name;
But a wind blew up to seaward, and it meant the Real Thing,
And he had to slip his cable when it came.

So he hied him up to London, for to hang about Whitehall,
And he sat upon the steps there soon and late;
He importuned night and morning, he bombarded great and small,
From messengers to Ministers of State.
He was like a guilty conscience, he was like a ghost unlaid,
He was like a debt of which you can't get rid,
Till the Powers that Be, despairing, in a fit of temper said,
"For the Lord's sake give him something"—and they did!

They commissioned him a trawler with a high and raking bow,
Black and workmanlike as any pirate craft,
With a crew of steady seamen very handy in a row,
And a brace of little barkers fore and aft.
And he blessed the Lord his Maker when he faced the North Sea sprays,
And exceedingly extolled his lucky star,
That had given his youth renewal in the evening of his days,
(With the rank of Captain Dugout, R.N.R.)

He is jolly as a sandboy, he is happier than a king,
And his trawler is the darling of his heart,
(With her cuddy like a cupboard where a kitten couldn't swing,

And a scent of fish that simply won't depart).
He has found upon occasion sundry targets for his guns,
He could tell you tales of mine and submarine;
Oh, the holes he's in and out of, and the glorious risks he runs
Turn his son (who's in a Super-Dreadnought) green.

He is fit as any fiddle, he is hearty, hale and tanned,
He is proof against the coldest gales that blow,
He has never felt so lively since he got his first command,
(Which is rather more than forty years ago).
And of all the joyful picnics of his wild and wandering youth,
Little dust-ups 'tween Taku and Zanzibar,
There was none to match the picnic, he declares in sober sooth,
That he has as Captain Dugout, R.N.R.

—*C. Fox Smith*

"THE AVENUE OF THE ALLIES" *

This is the song of the wind as it came
Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:

I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

So it descended, at night, on the city.
So it went lavishing beauty and pity,
Lighting the lordliest street of the world
With half of the banners that earth has unfurled;
Over the lamps that are brighter than stars.
Laughing aloud on its way to the wars,
Proud as America, sweeping along
Death and destruction like notes in a song,

Leaping to battle as man to his mate,
Joyous as God when he moved to create,—
Never was voice of a nation so glorious,
Glad of its cause and afire with its fate!
Never did eagle on mightier pinion
Tower to the height of a brighter dominion,
Kindling the hope of the prophets to flame,
Calling aloud on the deep as it came,
Cleave me a way for an army with banners.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

Know you the meaning of all they are doing?
Know you the light that their soul is pursuing?
Know you the might of the world they are making,
This nation of nations whose heart is awaking?
What is this mingling of peoples and races?
Look at the wonder and joy in their faces!
Look how the folds of the union are spreading!
Look, for the nations are come to their wedding.
How shall the folk of our tongue be afraid of it?
England was born of it. England was made of it,
Made of this welding of tribes into one,
This marriage of pilgrims that followed the sun!
Briton and Roman and Saxon were drawn
By winds of this Pentecost, out of the dawn,
Westward, to make her one people of many;
But here is a union more mighty than any.
Know you the soul of this deep exultation?
Know you the word that goes forth to this nation?

I am the breath of God. I am His Liberty.
Let there be light over all His creation.

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Over this Continent, wholly united,
They that were foeman in Europe are plighted.
Here, in a league that our blindness and pride
Doubted and flouted and mocked and denied,
Dawns the Republic, the laughing, gigantic
Europe, united, beyond the Atlantic,
That is America, speaking one tongue,
Acting her epics before they are sung,
Driving her rails from the palms to the snow,
Through States that are greater than Emperors know.
Forty-eight States that are empires in might,
But ruled by the will of one people to-night,
Nerved as one body, with net-works of steel,
Merging their strength in the one Commonweal,
Brooking no poverty, mocking at Mars,
Building their cities to talk with the stars.
Thriving, increasing by myriads again
Till even in numbers old Europe may wane.
How shall a son of the England they fought
Fail to declare the full pride of his thought.
Stand with the scoffers who, year after year,
Bring the Republic their half-hidden sneer?
Now, as in beauty she stands at our side,
Who shall withhold the full gift of his pride?
Not the great England who knows that her son,
Washington, fought her, and Liberty won.
England, whose names like the stars in their station,
Stand at the foot of that world's Declaration,—
Washington, Livingston, Langdon, she claims them,
It is her right to be proud when she names them,
Proud of that voice in the night as it came,
Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:

I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

Flags, in themselves, are but rags that are dyed.
Flags, in that wind, are like nations enskied.
See, how they grapple the night as it rolls
And trample it under like triumphing souls.
Over the city that never knew sleep,
Look at the riotous folds as they leap.
Thousands of tri-colors, laughing for France,
Ripple and whisper and thunder and dance;
Thousands of flags for Great Britain aflame
Answer their sisters in Liberty's name.
Belgium is burning in pride overhead.
Poland is near, and her sunrise is red.
Under and over, and fluttering between,
Italy burgeons in red, white and green.
See, how they climb like adventurous flowers,
Over the tops of the terrible towers. . . .
There, in the darkness, the glories are mated.
There, in the darkness, a world is created.
There, in this Pentecost, streaming on high.
There, with a glory of stars in the sky.
There the broad flag of our union and liberty
Rides the proud night-wind and tyrannies die.

—*Alfred Noyes*

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE *

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

* From *Joyce Kilmer; Poems, Essays, and Letters.* Copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

—*Joyce Kilmer*

THE SMALL TOWN CELEBRATES

We tumbled out into the starry dark
Under the cold stars; still the sirens shrieked,
As we reached the square, two rockets hissed
And flowered: they were the only two in town.
Down streamed the people, blowing frosty breath
Under the lamps—the mayor and the marshal,
The fire department, members of the band,

Buttoning their clothes with one hand, while the other
Clutched a cold clarionet or piccolo
That shivered for its first ecstatic squeal.
We had no cannon—we made anvils serve,
Just as our fathers did when Sumter fell;
And all a little town could do, to show
That twenty haughty cities heaped together
Could not be half so proud and glad as we,
We did. Soon a procession formed itself—
Prosperous and poor, young, old, and staid and gay,
Every glad soul who'd had the hardihood
To jump from a warm bed at four o'clock
Into the starry blackness. Round the square—
A most unmilitary sight—it pranced,
Straggled and shouted, while the street-lamps blinked
In sleepy wonder.
At the very end
Where the procession dwindled to a tail,
Shuffled Old Boozer. From a snorting car
But just arrived, a leading citizen
Sprang to the pavement.
"Hallelujah, Boss!
"We's whop de Kaiser!"
"Well, you old black fraud,"
(The judge's smile was hiding in his beard)
"What's he to you?"
Old Boozer bobbed and blinked
Under the lamps; another moment, he
Had scrambled to the base about the post,
And through the nearer crowd the shout went round,
"Listen—Old Boozer's going to preach!"
He raised
His trancéd eyes. A moment's pause.
"O Lawd,

You heah dis gemman ax me dat jes' now,
'What's he to Boozer'? Doan he know, O Lawd,
Dat Kaiser's boot-heel jes' been tinglin' up
To stomp on Boozer? Doan he know de po',
De feeble, an' de littlesome toddlin' chile
Dat scream to Hebben when he tromp 'em down,
Hab drug dat Bad Man right down off his throne
To ebberlastin' torment? Glory, Lawd!
We done pass through de Red Sea! Glory, Lawd!
De Lawd done drug de mighty from his seat!
He done exalted dem ob low degree!
He sabe de spark from dem dat stomp it out!
He sabe de seed from dem dat tromp it down!
He sabe de lebben strugglin' in de lump!
He sabe de—''

Cheering, laughing, moving on,
With cries of "Go it, Boozer!" the crowd swirled
About his perch; but, as I passed, I saw
A red-haired boy, who stood, and did not move,
But gazed and gazed, as if the old man's words
Raised visions. In his shivering arms he held
A struggling puppy; once I heard him say,
"Down, Woodrow!" but he scarcely seemed to know
He spoke. The stars paled slowly overhead;
The din increased; the crowd surged; but the boy
Stood rapt. As I turned back once more, I saw
Full morning on his face. And at the end
Of our one down-town street, the laughing sun
Came shouting up, belated, but most glad.

—Karle Wilson Baker

CONTINUITY

No sign is made while empires pass,
The flowers and stars are still His care,
The constellations hid in grass,
The golden miracles in air.

Life in an instant will be rent,
Where death is glittering blind and wild—
The Heavenly Brooding is intent
To that last instant on Its child.

It breathes the glow in brain and heart,
Life is made magical. Until
Body and spirit are apart
The Everlasting works Its will.

In that wild orchid that your feet
In their next falling shall destroy,
Minute and passionate and sweet
The Mighty Master holds His joy.

Though the crushed jewels droop and fade,
The Artist's labors will not cease,
And of the ruins shall be made
Some yet more lovely masterpiece.

—*A. E.*

CHILDREN AND HOME

BABY PANTOMIME *

Serene, he sits on other shores
  Than ours: with wide, unconscious lands
He holds strange speech, or, silent, pores
  On denizens of viewless strands;
On tablets of the air weird scores
  He writes, and makes, with eager hands
As strange erasements; then, two-fisted, stores
  An elfin hour-glass with heavenly sands.

—*Percy MacKaye*

A MAN-CHILD'S LULLABY

Little groping hands that must learn the weight of labor,
  Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep;
Mother is thy life now: that shall be to-morrow—
Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow—
  Now . . . sleep.

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a woman,
  Little blind heart that shall know the worst and best;
Mother is thy love now: that shall be hereafter—
Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter—
  Now . . . rest.

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty,
  Little lonely soul new-risen from the deep;

* From *The Sistine Eve*, by Percy MacKaye. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying—
Time enough for living—time enough for dying—
Now . . . sleep.

—*Brian Hooker*

JUSTICE *

Michael, come in! Stop crying at the door.
Come in and see the evil you have done.
Here is your sister's doll with one leg gone,
Naked and helpless on the playroom floor.
"Poor child! poor child! now he can never stand.
With one leg less he could not even sit!"
She mourned, but first, with swift avenging hand,
She smote, and I am proud of her for it.

Michael, my sympathies are all for you.
Your cherub mouth, your miserable eyes,
Your gray-blue smock tear-spattered and your cries
Shatter my heart, but what am I to do?
He was her baby and the fear of bears
Lay heavy on him so he could not sleep
But in the crook of her dear arm, she swears.
So, Michael, she was right and you must weep.

—*Aline Kilmer*

* From *Candles That Burn*, by Aline Kilmer. Copyright, 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

SMELLS—(JUNIOR) *

My Daddy smells like tobacco and books
Mother, like lavender and listerine;
Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars,
Nannie smells starchy and soapy and clean.

Shandy, my dog, has a smell of his own
(When he's been out in the rain he smells most);
But Katie, the cook, is more splendid than all—
She smells exactly like hot buttered toast!

—*Christopher Morley*

THE RAG DOLLY'S VALENTINE *

Though others think I stare with eyes unseeing,
I've loved you, Mistress mine, so dear to me,
With all my fervent rag-and-sawdust being
Since first you took me from the Christmas Tree.
I love you though my only frock you tear off;
I love you though you smear my face at meals;
I love you though you've washed my painted hair off;
I love you when you drag me by the heels;
I love you though you've sewed three buttons on me,
But most I love you when you sit upon me.

* From *The Rocking Horse*, by Christopher Morley. Copyright, 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

* From *The Laughing Muse*, by Arthur Guiterman. Copyright, 1915, by Harper & Brothers.

No jealous pang shall mar my pure affection;
For, while 'tis true your heart I'm forced to share
With that Wax Doll of pink-and-white complexion,
The Pussy Cat, the Lamb and Teddy Bear,
'Tis mine alone, whate'er the time or place is,
To know your every grief and each delight;
I feel your childish wrath and warm embraces,
I share your little pillow every night.
And so, without another why or whether,
I'll love you while my stitches hold together!

—*Arthur Guiterman*

THE ANXIOUS FARMER *

It was awful long ago
That I put those seeds around;
And I guess I ought to know
When I stuck 'em in the ground,
'Cause I noted down the day
In a little diary book—
It's gotten losted somewhere, and
I don't know where to look.

But I'm certain anyhow
They've been planted most a week;
And it must be time by now
For their little sprouts to peek.
They've been watered every day
With a very speshul care,
And once or twice I've dug 'em up to
see if they was there.

* From *Youngsters*, published by E. P. Dutton & Company; by permission of the author.

I fixed the dirt in humps
Just the way they said I should;
And I crumbled all the lumps
Just as finely as I could.
And I found a nangle-worm
A-poking up his head,—
He maybe feeds on seeds and such,
and so I squushed him dead.

A seed's so very small,
And dirt all looks the same;—
How can they know at all
The way they ought to aim?
And so I'm waiting round
In case of any need;
A farmer ought to do his best for
every single seed!

—*Burges Johnson*

THE DEW-LIGHT *

The Dew-Man comes over the mountains wide,
Over the deserts of sand,
With his bag of clear drops
And his brush of feathers,
He scatters brightness,
The white bunnies beg him for dew.

* Reprinted with permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

He sprinkles their fur . . .
They shake themselves.
All the time he is singing,
The unknown world is beautiful!

He polishes flowers,
Humming, "Oh, beautiful!"
He sings in the soft light
That grows out of the dew;
Out of the misty dew-light that leans over him
He makes his song.
It is beautiful, the unknown world!

—Hilda Conkling
(8 years old)

THE SHADOW PEOPLE

Old lame Bridget doesn't hear
Fairy music in the grass
When the gloaming's on the mere
And the shadow people pass:
Never hears their slow gray feet
Coming from the village street
Just beyond the parson's wall,
Where the clover globes are sweet
And the mushroom's parasol
Opens in the moonlit rain.
Every night I hear them call
From their long and merry train.
Old lame Bridget says to me,
"It is just your fancy, child."

She cannot believe I see
Laughing faces in the wild,
Hands that twinkle in the sedge
Bowing at the water's edge
Where the finny minnows quiver,
Shaping on a blue wave's ledge
Bubble foam to sail the river.
And the sunny hands to me
Beckon ever, beckon ever.
Oh! I would be wild and free
And with the shadow people be.

—*Francis Ledwidge*

INCORRIGIBLE *

I guess I'm bad as I can be
'Cause after uncle found and yanked me
Out of that old apple-tree,
And after dad came home and spanked me,
And while my teacher told me things
About the narrow path of duty,
And how an education brings
The only truly joy and beauty,
And while she said she didn't doubt
They'd wasted all the good they'd taught me,
I had to grin, to think about
The fun I had before they caught me.

—*Burges Johnson*

* From Youngsters, published by E. P. Dutton & Company; by permission of the author.

DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN

I, Mysal', I feela strange
  Een dees countra. I can no
Mak' mysal' agen an' change
  Eento 'Merican, an' so
I am w'at you calla me,
  Justa "dumb ole Dago man."
Alla same my boy ees be
  Smarta younga 'Merican.
Twalv' year ole! but alla same
  He ees learna soocha lot
He can read an' write hees name—
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He no talk Italian;
  He says: "Dat's for Dagoes speak,
I am younga 'Merican,
  Dago langwadge mak' me seeck."
Eef you gona tal heem, too,
  He ees "leetla Dago," my!
  He ees gat so mad weeth you
  He gon' ponch you een da eye.
Mebbe so you gona mak'
  Fool weeth heem—an' mebbe not.
Queeck as flash he sass you back;
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He ees moocha' 'shame' for be
  Meexa weeth Italian;
He ees mooeha 'shame' of me—
  I am dumb ole Dago man.

Evra time w'en I go out
  Weetha heem I no can speak
To som'body. "Shut your mout',"
  He weell tal me pretta queeck,
"You weell geeve yoursal' away
  Talkin' Dago lika dat;
Try be 'Merican," he say—
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

I am w'at you calla me,
  Justa "dumb ole Dago man:"
Alla same my boy ees be
  Smarta younga 'Merican.

—*T. A. Daly*

LITTLE PAN *

Out on the hill—by an autumn-tree
  As red as his cheek in the weather—
He waved a sumac-torch of glee
  And preened, like a scarlet feather,
A branch of maple bright on his breast
  And shook an oak in his cap;
And the dance of his heels on the rocky crest
  Was a woodpecker's tap-tap-tap.

The eyes of a squirrel were quick in his head
  And the grace of a deer in his shoulder,
And never a cardinal beckoned so red

* Reprinted with permission from *Grenstone Poems*, by Witter Bynner. Copyright, 1917, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

As his torch when he leapt on a boulder;
A robin exclaiming he mocked in a voice
Which hurried the heavens around him.
What could we do but attend and rejoice,
Celia and I who had found him!

He spied us at last, though we hid by a pine;
And before he might vanish in smoke
I tried to induce him to give us a sign,
But he stopped in his dance when I spoke—
"O tell me your name and the hill you inhabit!"
He curled round his tree like a cat;
"They call me," he cried, as he fled like a rabbit,
"Donovan's damned little brat!"

—*Witter Bynner*

RUFUS PRAYS

In the darkening church,
Where but a few had stayed,
At the Litany Desk
The idiot knelt and prayed.

Rufus, stunted, uncouth,
The one son of his mother:
"Eh, I'd sooner 'ave Rufie,"
She said, "than many another.

" 'E 's so useful about the 'ouse
And so gentle as 'e can be
And 'e gets up early o' mornin's
To make me a cup o' tea."

The formal evensong
Had passed over his head:
He sucked his thumb, and squinted,
And dreamed, instead.

Now while the organ boomed
To few who still were there,
At the Litany Desk
The idiot made his prayer:

"Gawd bless Muther,
'N' make Rufie a good lad.
Take Rufie to Heaven,
'N' forgive him when he's bad.

" 'N' early mornin's in Heaven
'E 'll make Muther's tea,
'N' a cup for the Lord Jesus
'N' a cup for Thee."

—*L. A. G. Strong*

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!

A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph.

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there 's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

—*Padraic Colum*

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS

I am all alone in the room.
The evening stretches before me
Like a road all delicate gloom
Till it reaches the midnight's gate.
And I hear his step on the path,

And his questioning whistle, low
At the door as I hurry to meet him.

He will ask, "Are the doors all locked?
Is the fire made safe on the hearth?
And she—is she sound asleep?"

I shall say "Yes, the doors are locked,
And the ashes are white as the frost:
Only a few red eyes
To stare at the empty room.
And she is all sound asleep,
Up there where the silence sings,
And the curtains stir in the cold."

He will ask, "And what did you do
While I have been gone so long?
So long! Four hours or five!"

I shall say, "There was nothing I did.—
I mended that sleeve of your coat.
And I made her a little white hood
Of the furry pieces I found
Up in the garret to-day.
She shall wear it to play in the snow,
Like a little white bear,—and shall laugh,
And tumble, and crystals of stars
Shall shine on her cheeks and hair.
—It was nothing I did.—I thought
You would never come home again!"

Then he will laugh out, low,
Being fond of my folly, perhaps;
And softly and hand in hand

We shall creep upstairs in the dusk
To look at her, lying asleep:
Our little gold bird in her nest:
The wonderful bird who flew in
At the window our life flung wide.
(How should we have chosen her,
Had we seen them all in a row,
The unborn vague little souls,
All wings and tremulous hands?
How should we have chosen her,
Made like a star to shine,
Made like a bird to fly,
Out of a drop of our blood,
And earth, and fire, and God?)

Then we shall go to sleep,
Glad.—
O God, did you know
When you molded men out of clay,
Urging them up and up
Through the endless circles of change,
Travail and turmoil and death,
Many would curse you down,
Many would live all gray
With their faces flat like a mask:
But there would be some, O God,
Crying to you each night,
"I am so glad! so glad!
I am so rich and gay!
How shall I thank you, God?"

Was that one thing you knew
When you smiled and found it was good:
The curious teeming earth

That grew like a child at your hand?
Ah, you might smile, for that!—

—I am all alone in the room.
The books and the pictures peer,
Dumb old friends, from the dark.
The wind goes high on the hills,
And my fire leaps out, being proud.
The terrier, down on the hearth,
Twitches and barks in his sleep,
Soft little foolish barks,
More like a dream than a dog . . .
I will mend the sleeve of that coat,
All ragged,—and make her the hood
Furry, and white, for the snow.
She shall tumble and laugh . . .

Oh, I think
Though a thousand rivers of grief
Flood over my head—though a hill
Of horror lie on my breast,—
Something will sing, "Be glad!
You have had all your heart's desire:
The unknown things that you asked
When you lay awake in the nights,
Alone, and searching the dark
For the secret wonder of life.
You have had them (can you forget?):
The ancient beautiful things!" . . .

How long he is gone. And yet
It is only an hour or two . . .

Oh, I am so happy. My eyes
Are troubled with tears.
Did you know,
O God, they would like this,
Your ancient beautiful things?
Are there more? Are there more,—out there?—
O God, are there always more?
—Fannie Stearns Davis

YOU, FOUR WALLS, WALL NOT IN MY HEART!

You, Four Walls,
Wall not in my heart!
When the lovely night-time falls
All so welcomely,
Blinding, sweet hearth-fire,
Light of heart's desire,
Blind not, blind not me!
Unto them that weep apart,—
While you glow, within,
Wreckt, despairing kin,—
—Do not blind my heart!

You, close Heart!
Never hide from mine
Worlds that I divine
Through thy human dearness;
O, beloved Nearness,
Hallow all I understand

With thy hand-in-hand;—
All the lights I seek
With thy cheek-to-cheek.
All the loveliness I loved apart.
You, heart's Home!
Wall not in my heart.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody*

MY DOG *

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

* From *Foothills of Parnassus*, by John Kendrick Bangs. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden-gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

—*John Kendrick Bangs*

IN SERVICE

Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,
A feathered hat upon her head,

And boots upon her feet.
"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I
should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;
"I'm lost without the bog-land,
I'm lost without the sea,
An' the harbor an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,
To see the big waves lepping,
To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,
The childher in the doorway,
Or round my mother's knee;
For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them
all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door—
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

—*W. M. Letts*

MY SWEET BROWN GAL*

W'en de clouds is hangin' heavy in de sky,
An' de win's 's a-taihin' moughty vig'rous by,
I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de way;
I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o' day.

* From *Lyrics of Love and Laughter* by Paul Laurence Dunbar
Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps huh shadders down,
I won' care a smidgeon fu' de weathah's frown;
Let de rain go splashin', let de thundah raih,
Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez mammy's toas',
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to roas';
No one daih to cross me, got no talkin' pal,
But I's got de comp'ny o' my sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to huh sing,
Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice do ring!
Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin' erroun',
W'n he sees de steamin' o' de new plowed groun'.

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my breas'.
Needn't sing, my da lm',tek you' nones' res'.
Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize er Sal?
No, I means my fiddle—dat's my sweet brown gal!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar*

THE SUNKEN GARDEN

Speak not—whisper not;
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot;
Softly on the evening hour,
Secret herbs their spices shower,
Dark-spiked rosemary and myrrh,
Lean-stalked, purple lavender;
Hides within her bosom, too,
All her sorrows, bitter rue.

Breathe not—trespass not;
Of this green and darkling spot,
Latticed from the moon's beams,
Perchance a distant dreamer dreams;
Perchance upon its darkening air,
The unseen ghosts of children fare,
Faintly swinging, sway and sweep,
Like lovely sea-flowers in its deep;
While, unmoved, to watch and ward,
'Mid its gloomed and daisied sward,
Stands with bowed and dewy head
That one little leaden Lad.

—*Walter de la Mare*

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT *

A black cat among roses,
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
The sweet smells of heliotrope and night-scented stock.
The garden is very still,
It is dazed with moonlight,
Contented with perfume,
Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
Firefly lights open and vanish
High as the tip buds of the golden glow
Low as the sweet alyssum flowers at my feet.
Moon-shimmer on leaves and trellises,
Moon-spikes shafting through the snow-ball bush.

* From *Pictures of the Floating World,* by Amy Lowell. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Only the little faces of the ladies' delight are alert and staring,
Only the cat, padding between the roses,
Shakes a branch and breaks the chequered pattern
As water is broken by the falling of a leaf.
Then you come.
And you are quiet like the garden,
And white like the alyssum flowers,
And beautiful as the silent sparks of the fireflies.
Ah, Beloved, do you see those orange lilies?
They knew my mother,
But who belonging to me will they know
When I am gone.

—*Amy Lowell*

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

TO MY BROTHER

I loved you for your loving ways,
The ways that many did not know;
Although my heart would beat and glow
When Nations crowned you with their bays.

I loved you for the tender hand
That held my own so close and warm,
I loved you for the winning charm
That brought gay sunshine to the land.

I loved you for the heart that knew
The need of every little child;
I loved you when you turned and smiled,—
It was as though a fresh wind blew.

I loved you for your loving ways,
That look that leaped to meet my eye,
The ever-ready sympathy,
The generous ardor of your praise.

I loved you for the buoyant fun
That made perpetual holiday
For all who ever crossed your way,
The highest or the humblest one.

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamor that you gave
To each glad hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest.

I loved you for your loving ways,—
And just because I loved them so,
And now have lost them,—thus I know
I must go softly all my days!

—*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

A MILE WITH ME

O, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
When he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

—*Henry van Dyke*

MY FRIEND *

The friend I love is like the sea to me,
With spacious days of large tranquility
When on my heart his wordless comforts lie,
As on the utter sea rim rests the sky;
And like the sea for wrath he is, and strong
To launch his surges on the cliffs of Wrong;
But most I love him for his deep-sea spell
Of unguessed secrets that he may not tell:
So I have seen him stand and look afar
Beyond the twilight to the evening star,
And like the ocean's haunting lure to me,
Deep in his eyes I read a mystery:—
For he whose soul we fathom to the end
Becomes our servant then, and not our friend.

—*Walter Prichard Eaton*

PEOPLE

Like to islands in the seas
Stand our personalities:
Islands where we always face
One another's watering-place;
When we promenade our sands,
We can hear each other's bands;
We can see on festal nights
Red and green and purple lights,

* From *Echoes and Realities*, by Walter Prichard Eaton. Copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Gilt pavilions in a row,
Stucco houses built for show.

But our eyes can never reach
Further than the tawdry beach,
Never can they hope to win
To the wonders far within:
Jagged rocks against the sky,
Where the eagles haunt and cry,
Forests full of running rills,
Darkest forests, sunny hills,
Hollows where a Monster lowers,
Sweet and unimagined flowers.

—*Frances D. Cornford*

SONG

"Oh! Love," they said, "is King of Kings,
And Triumph is his crown.
Earth fades in flame before his wings,
And Sun and Moon bow down."—
But that, I knew, would never do;
And Heaven is all too high.
So whenever I meet a Queen, I said,
I will not catch her eye.

"Oh! Love," they said, and "Love," they said,
"The gift of Love is this;
A crown of thorns about thy head,
And vinegar to thy kiss!"
But Tragedy is not for me;

And I'm content to be gay.
So whenever I spied a Tragic Lady,
I went another way.

And so I never feared to see
You wander down the street,
Or come across the fields to me
On ordinary feet.
For what they'd never told me of,
And what I never knew;
It was that all the time, my love,
Love would be merely you.

—*Rupert Brooke*

THE LOOK *

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

—*Sara Teasdale*

* From *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

TO A DISTANT ONE

Through wild by-ways I come to you, my love,
Nor ask of those I meet the surest way;
What way I turn I cannot go astray
And miss you in my life. Though Fate may prove
A tardy guide she will not make delay
Leading me through strange seas and distant lands.
I'm coming still, though slowly, to your hands.
We'll meet one day.

There is so much to do, so little done,
In my life's space that I perforce did leave
Love at the moonlit trysting-place to grieve
Till fame and other little things were won.
I have missed much that I shall not retrieve,
Far will I wander yet with much to do.
Much will I spurn before I yet meet you,
So fair I can't deceive.

Your name is in the whisper of the woods
Like Beauty calling for a poet's song
To one whose harp had suffered many a wrong
In the lean hands of Pain. And when the broods
Of flower eyes waken all the streams along
In tender whiles, I feel most near to you:—
Oh, when we meet there shall be sun and blue
Strong as the spring is strong.

—Francis Ledwidge

"MARY, HELPER OF HEARTBREAK"

Well, if the thing is over, better it is for me,
The lad was ever a rover, loving and laughing free,
Far too clever a lover not to be having still
A lass in the town and a lass by the road and a lass by the farther hill—
Love on the field and love on the path and love in the woody glen—
(Lad, will I never see you, never your face again?)

Ay, if the thing is ending, now I'll be getting rest,
Saying my prayers and bending down to be stilled and blest,
Never the days are sending hope till my heart is sore
For a laugh on the path and a voice by the gate and a step on the shieling floor—
Grief on my ways and grief on my work and grief till the evening's dim—
(Lord, will I never hear it, never a sound of him?)

Sure if it's done forever, better for me that's wise,
Never the hurt, and never tears in my aching eyes,
No more the trouble ever to hide from my asking folk
Best of my heart at click o' the latch, and throb if his name is spoke;
Never the need to hide the sighs and the flushing thoughts and the fret,
And after awhile my heart will hush and my hungering hands forget . . .
Peace on my ways, and peace in my step, and maybe my heart grown light—
(*Mary, helper of heartbreak, send him to me to-night!*)

—*Margaret Widdemer*

GARDEN OF THE ROSE *

Her heart is like a garden fair
  Where many pleasant blossoms grow;
But though I sometimes enter there,
  There is one path I do not know.

The way I go to find it lies
  Through dewy beds of violet;
Those are the portals of her eyes,
  Where modesty and truth are set.

And just behind, a hedge is placed—
  A hedge of lilies, tall and white.
Those are her maiden thoughts, so chaste
  I almost tremble in their sight.

But shining through them, and above—
  Half-hid, but trembling to unfold—
I spy the roses of her love,
  And then again I grow more bold.

So, half in prayer, I seek and wait
  To find the secret path that goes
Up from the lily-guarded gate
  To her heart's garden of the rose.

—Charles Buxton Going

* From *Star-Glow and Song*, by Charles Buxton Going. Copyright, 1909, by Harper & Brothers.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN

Oh, my heart is a little golden fountain,
Through it and spilling over the brim
Wells the love of you.
Brighter gleams the gold for the sparkling water,
And down below where the overflow drips
Into a clear little pool of bubbles,
Fresh spears of grass spring against the golden column.
Oh, my heart is a little golden fountain
Fashioned purely for that leaping grace,
The luminous love of you.
Up through the column and over the golden basin
It thrills and fills and trembles in the sunlight,
Showering its gladness over and bestrewing
The golden fountainhead with rainbow rapture.

—*Mary MacMillan*

SONGS OF A GIRL *

XIX

Within the little house
Of my great love for you,
This safe and happy house,
I sit and sing, while all the world goes by.

* From *Youth Riding*, by Mary Carolyn Davies. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Within the house that is my love for you
No harm can come, nor any thought of fear;
There is no danger that can cross the threshold.

You did not build this house
Nor I;
But God the Carpenter—

—*Mary Carolyn Davies*

PSALM TO MY BELOVED

Lo, I have opened unto you the wide gates of my being,
And like a tide you have flowed into me.
The innermost recesses of my spirit are full of you, and all the channels of my soul are grown sweet with your presence.
For you have brought me peace;
The peace of great tranquil waters, and the quiet of the summer sea.
Your hands are filled with peace as the noon-tide is filled with light; about your head is bound the eternal quiet of the stars, and in your heart dwells the calm miracle of twilight.
I am utterly content.
In all my spirit is no ripple of unrest.
For I have opened unto you the wide gates of my being
And like a tide you have flowed into me.

—*Eunice Tietjens*

THE REFLECTION *

I have not heard her voice, nor seen her face,
  Nor touched her hand;
And yet some echo of her woman's grace
  I understand.

I have no picture of her lovelihood,
  Her smile, her tint;
But that she is both beautiful and good
  I have true hint.

In all that my friend thinks and says, I see
  Her mirror true;
His thought of her is gentle; she must be
  All gentle too.

In all his grief or laughter, work or play,
  Each mood and whim,
How brave and tender, day by common day,
  She speaks through him!

Therefore I say I know her, be her face
  Or dark or fair—
For when he shows his heart's most secret place
  I see her there!

—*Christopher Morley*

* From *The Rocking Horse*, by Christopher Morley. Copyright, 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

A LYNMOUTH WIDOW *

He was straight and strong, and his eyes were blue
As the summer meeting of sky and sea,
And the ruddy cliffs had a colder hue
Than flushed his cheek when he married me.

We passed the porch where the swallows breed,
We left the little brown church behind,
And I leaned on his arm, though I had no need,
Only to feel him so strong and kind.

One thing I never can quite forget;
It grips my throat when I try to pray—
The keen salt smell of a drying net
That hung on the churchyard wall that day.

He would have taken a long, long grave—
A long, long grave, for he stood so tall . . .
Oh, God, the crash of a breaking wave,
And the smell of the nets on the churchyard wall!

—*Amelia Josephine Burr*

PARTING

Now I go, do not weep, woman—
Woman, do not weep;

* From *In Deep Places*, by Amelia Josephine Burr. Copyright, 1914, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Though I go from you to die,
We shall both lie down
At the foot of the hill, and sleep.

Now I go, do not weep, woman—
Woman, do not weep;
Earth is our mother and our tent the sky.
Though I go from you to die,
We shall both lie down
At the foot of the hill, and sleep.

—*Alice Corbin Henderson*

THE PENALTY OF LOVE

If Love should count you worthy, and should deign
One day to seek your door and be your guest,
Pause! ere you draw the bolt and bid him rest,
If in your old content you would remain.
For not alone he enters: in his train
Are angels of the mists, the lonely quest,
Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed,
And sorrow, and Life's immemorial pain.

He wakes desires you never may forget,
He shows you stars you never saw before,
He makes you share with him, for evermore,
The burden of the world's divine regret.
How wise were you to open not!—and yet,
How poor if you should turn him from the door.

—*Sidney Royse Lysaght*

THOUGHT AND FANCY

BARTER *

Life has loveliness to sell—
  All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
  Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell—
  Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
  Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
  Buy it and never count the cost,
For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been or could be.

—*Sara Teasdale*

TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN *

Time, you old gypsy man,
  Will you not stay,

* From *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

* From *Poems*, by Ralph Hodgson. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best.
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring.
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing.
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gypsy,
Why hasten away?
Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gypsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

—*Ralph Hodgson*

SONNET

There was an Indian, who had known no change,
Who strayed content along a sunlit beach
Gathering shells. He heard a sudden strange
Commingled noise; looked up; and gasped for speech.
For in the bay, where nothing was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
With bellying cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And fluttering colored signs and clambering crews.

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips gone pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Slant to the shore, and all their seamen land.

—*J. C. Squire*

PROVINCETOWN

All summer in the close-locked streets the crowd
Elbows its way past glittering shops to strains
Of noisy rag-time, men and girls, dark skinned,—
From warmer foreign waters they have come
To our New England. Purring like sleek cats
The cushioned motors of the rich crawl through
While black-haired babies scurry to the curb:
Pedro, Maria, little Gabriel

Whose red bandana mothers selling fruit
Have this in common with the fresh white caps
Of those first immigrants—courage to leave
Familiar hearths and build new memories.

Blood of their blood who shaped these sloping roofs
And low arched doorways, laid the cobble stones
Not meant for motors,—you and I rejoice
When roof and spire sink deep into the night
And all the little streets reach out their arms
To be received into the salt-drenched dark.
Then Provincetown comes to her own again,
Draws round her like a cloak that shelters her
From too swift changes of the passing years
The dunes, the sea, the silent hilltop grounds
Where solemn groups of leaning headstones hold
Perpetual reunion of her dead.

At dusk we feel our way along the wharf
That juts into the harbor: anchored ships
With lifting prow and slowly rocking mast
Ink out their profiles; fishing dories scull
With muffled lamps that glimmer through the spray;
We hear the water plash among the piers
Rotted with moss, long after sunset stay
To watch the dim sky-changes ripple down
The length of quiet ocean to our feet
Till on the sea rim rising like a world
Bigger than ours, and laying bare the ships
In shadowy stillness, swells the yellow moon.

Between this blue intensity of sea
And rolling dunes of white-hot sand that burn
All day across a clean salt wilderness

On shores grown sacred as a place of prayer,
Shine bright invisible footsteps of a band
Of firm-lipped men and women who endured
Partings from kindred, hardship, famine, death,
And won for us three hundred years ago
A reverent proud freedom of the soul.

—*Marie Louise Hersey*

AMERICA

Up and down he goes
with terrible, reckless strides,
flaunting great lamps
with joyous swings—
one to the East
and one to the West—
and flaunting two words
in a thunderous call
that thrills the hearts of all enemies:
All, One, All, One; All, One; All, One!
Beware that queer wild wonderful boy
and his playground; don't go near!
All, One, All, One; All, One; All, One;
Up and down he goes.

—*Alfred Kreymborg.*

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

—*Rudyard Kipling*

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—*Rudyard Kipling*

COURAGE

Courage is but a word, and yet, of words,
The only sentinel of permanence;
The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,
And on. For faith—without it—has no sense;
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;
And life forever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not, before it prayer will blush,
Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,
But hales us on and on to breast the rush
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—
Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

—*John Galsworthy*

PRAYER

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a bouyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

—*Louis Untermeyer*

A CREED

(To Mr. David Lubin)

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

—*Edwin Markham*

THE GREAT LOVER

I have been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendor of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame;—we have beaconed the world's night.
A city:—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor:—we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden forever, eagles, crying flames,

And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming . . .
These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faëry dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .
Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mold;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;

And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramental covenant to the dust.
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers. . . .
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He loved."

Mataiea, 1914.

—*Rupert Brooke*

GIFTS

God does not give us, when our youth is done,
Any such dower as we thought should be:
We are not strong, nor crowned with moon or sun;
We are not gods nor conquerors: life's sea
Has not rolled back to let our feet pass through . . .

And if one great desire, long-hoped, came true—
Some gift long-hungered for, some starry good,
Some crowning we desired,
It had lost all its pageant-wonderhood:
A wonted thing, enveiled no more in flame,
Dully it came—
Its winning has not made our feet less tired.

We are so near the same
Our mirrors saw in youth!
Not very wise: in truth
Not nobler than we were those years ago;
We have to show
Only a handful of such little things
As our high-thoughted youth
Had named of little worth.

Only . . . the gift to feel
In little looks of praise,
In words, in sunny days,
A pleasantness, a mirth—
Joy in a bird's far wings,
Pleasure in flowers breaking out of earth,
In a child's laughter, in a neighbor's smile;
And in all quiet things
Peace for awhile.

And one more gift—to smile, content to see—
Ay, to be very glad seeing—alight on high
The stars we wanted for our jewelry
Still clear ashine . . . still in the sky.

—*Margaret Widdemer*

RICHARD CORY

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

—*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN *

"Lincoln?—
Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.
Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington—
We was all green.

* Reprinted with permission from *Grenstone Poems*, by Witter Bynner. Copyright, 1917, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"I ain't never ben to but one theater in my life—
I didn't know how to behave.
I ain't never ben since.
I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.
I can tell you, sir, there was a panic
When we found our President was in the shape he was in!
Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.
He was a spare man,
An old farmer.
Everything was all right, you know,
But he wan't a smooth-appearin' man at all—
Not in no ways;
Thin-faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;
He wan't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.
While I was servin' at the Hospital
He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'
Praise us up, you know.
And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—
And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—
That's why I call him a farmer.
I don't mean that everything about him wan't all right, you understand,
It's just—well, I was a farmer—
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

"I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him."

—*Witter Bynner*

SUNSET *

Behold where Night clutches the cup of heaven
And quaffs the beauty of the world away!
Lo, his first draught is all of dazzling day;
The next he fills with the red wine of even
And drinks; then of the twilight's amber, seven
Deep liquid hues, seven times, superb in ray,
He fills—and drinks; the last, a mead pale-gray
Leaves the black beaker gemmed with starry levin.

Even so does Time quaff our mortality!
First, of the effervescing blood and blush
Of virgin years, then of maturity
The deeper glow, then of the pallid hush
Where only the eyes still glitter, till even they—
After a pause—melt in immenser day.

—*Percy MacKaye.*

SILENCE *

I have known the silence of the stars and of the sea,
And the silence of the city when it pauses,
And the silence of a man and a maid,
And the silence for which music alone finds the word,
And the silence of the woods before the winds of spring begin,
And the silence of the sick

* From *The Sistine Eve*, by Percy MacKaye. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

* From *Songs and Satires*, by Edgar Lee Masters. Used by special permission of the Macmillan Company, publishers.

When their eyes roam about the room.
And I ask: For the depths
Of what use is language?
A beast of the fields moans a few times
When death takes its young.
And we are voiceless in the presence of realities—
We cannot speak.

A curious boy asks an old soldier
Sitting in front of the grocery store,
"How did you lose your leg?"
And the old soldier is struck with silence,
Or his mind flies away
Because he cannot concentrate it on Gettysburg.
It comes back jocosely
And he says, "A bear bit it off."
And the boy wonders, while the old soldier
Dumbly, feebly lives over
The flashes of guns, the thunder of cannon,
The shrieks of the slain,
And himself lying on the ground,
And the hospital surgeons, the knives,
And the long days in bed.
But if he could describe it all
He would be an artist.
But if he were an artist there would be deeper wounds
Which he could not describe.

There is the silence of a great hatred,
And the silence of a great love,
And the silence of a deep peace of mind,
And the silence of an embittered friendship.
There is the silence of a spiritual crisis,
Through which your soul, exquisitely tortured,
Comes with visions not to be uttered

Into a realm of higher life.
And the silence of the gods who understand each other without speech.
There is the silence of defeat.
There is the silence of those unjustly punished;
And the silence of the dying whose hand
Suddenly grips yours.
There is the silence between father and son,
When the father cannot explain his life,
Even though he be misunderstood for it.

There is the silence that comes between husband and wife.
There is the silence of those who have failed;
And the vast silence that covers
Broken nations and vanquished leaders.
There is the silence of Lincoln,
Thinking of the poverty of his youth.
And the silence of Napoleon
After Waterloo.
And the silence of Jeanne d'Arc
Saying amid the flames, "Blessed Jesus"—
Revealing in two words all sorrow, all hope.
And there is the silence of age,
Too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter it
In words intelligible to those who have not lived
The great range of life.

And there is the silence of the dead.
If we who are in life cannot speak
Of profound experiences,
Why do you marvel that the dead
Do not tell you of death?
Their silence shall be interpreted
As we approach them.

—*Edgar Lee Masters*

THE COWBOY'S DREAM *

Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet by and by.

Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright, happy region
Is a dim narrow trail, so they say;
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment
Who are posted and know every brand.

I know there's many a stray cowboy
Who'll be lost at the great, final sale,
When he might have gone in the green pastures
Had he known of the dim, narrow trail.

I wonder if ever a cowboy
Stood ready for that Judgment Day,
And could say to the Boss of the Riders,
"I'm ready, come drive me away."

* Sung to the air of *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.*

For they, like the cows that are locoed,
Stampede at the sight of a hand,
Are dragged with a rope to the round-up,
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.

And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—
A maverick, unbranded on high,—
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

For they tell of another big owner
Who's ne'er overstocked, so they say,
But who always makes room for the sinner
Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.

They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So, for safety, you'd better get branded,
Have your name in the great Tally Book.

—*John A. Lomax.*

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN *

I

[*Bass drum beaten loudly*]
Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

* From *General William Booth Enters into Heaven and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

(To be sung to the tune of *The Blood of the Lamb* with indicated instrument)

The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravoes from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

[*Banjos*]
Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang:—
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land made free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare
On, on upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

II

[*Bass drum slower and softer*]
Booth died blind and still by Faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.
Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command

Unabated in that holy land.
[*Sweet flute music*]
Jesus came from out the court-house door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there
Round and round the mighty court-house square.
Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.

[*Bass drum louder*]
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl!
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

[*Grand chorus of all instruments. Tambourines to the foreground.*]
The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
O, shout Salvation! It was good to see
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.

[*Reverently sung, no instruments*]
And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown

For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

—*Vachel Lindsay*

THE DEVIL *

Along de road from Bord à Plouffe
To Kaz-a-baz-u-a
W'ere poplar trees lak sojers stan',
An' all de lan' is pleasan' lan',
In off de road dere leev's a man
Call' Louis Desjardins.

An' Louis, w'en he firse begin
To work hees leetle place,
He work so hard de neighbors say,
"Unless he tak's de easy way
Dat feller's sure to die some day,
We see it on hees face."

'T was lak a swamp, de farm he got,
De water ev'ryw'ere—
Might drain her off as tight as a drum.
An' back dat water is boun' to come
In less 'n a day or two—ba Gum!
'T would mak' de angel swear.

So Louis t'ink of de bimeby,
If he leev so long as dat,
W'en he's ole an' blin' an' mebbe deaf,

* From the *Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond.* Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

All alone on de house hese'f,
No frien', no money, no not'ing lef',
An' poor—can't kip a eat.

So wan of de night on winter tam,
W'en Louis is on hees bed,
He say out loud lak a crazy man,
"I'm sick of tryin' to clear dis lan',
Work any harder I can't stan',
Or it will kill me dead.

"Now if de devil would show hese'f
An' say to me, 'Tiens! Louis!
Hard tam an' work she's at an' en',
You'll leev' lak a Grand Seigneur, ma frien',
If only you'll be ready w'en
I want you to come wit' me,'

"I'd say, 'Yass, yass—'maudit! w'at's dat?"
An' he see de devil dere—
Brimstone, ev'ryt'ing bad dat smell,
You know right away he's come from—well,
De place I never was care to tell—
An' wearin' hees long black hair,

Lak election man, de kin' I mean
You see aroun' church door,
Spreadin' hese'f on great beeg speech
'Bout poor man's goin' some day be reech,
But dat's w'ere it alway come de heetch,
For poor man's alway poor.

De only diff'rence—me—I see
'Tween devil an' long-hair man

It's hard to say, but I know it's true,
W'en devil promise a t'ing to do
Dere's no mistak' he kip it too—
I hope you understan'.

So de devil spik, "You're not content,
An' want to be reech, Louis—
All right, you'll have plaintee, never fear
No wan can beat you far an' near,
An' I'll leave you alone for t'orty year,
An' den you will come wit' me.

"Be careful now—it's beeg contrac',
So mebbe it's bes' go slow:
For me—de promise I mak' to you
Is good as de bank Rivière du Loup;
For you—w'enever de tam is due,
Ba tonder! you got to go."

Louis try hard to tak' hees tam
But w'en he see de fall
Comin' along in a week or so,
All aroun' heem de rain an' snow
An' pork on de bar'l runnin' low,
He don't feel good at all.

An' w'en he t'ink of de swampy farm
An' gettin' up winter night,
Watchin' de stove if de win' get higher
For fear de chimley go on fire,
It's makin' poor Louis feel so tire
He tell de devil, "All right."

"Correct," dat feller say right away,

"I'll only say, Au revoir,"
An' out of de winder he's goin' pouf!
Beeg nose, long hair, short tail, an' hoof
Off on de road to Bord à Plouffe
Crossin' de reever dere.

W'en Louis get up nex' day, ma frien',
Dere's lot of devil sign—
Bar'l o' pork an' keg o' rye,
Bag o' potato ten foot high,
Pile o' wood nearly touch de sky,
Was some o' de t'ing he fin'.

Suit o' clothes would have cos' a lot
An' ev'ryt'ing I dunno,
Trotter horse w'en he want to ride
Eatin' away on de barn outside,
Stan' all day if he's never tied,
An' watch an' chain also.

An' swamp dat's bodder heem many tam,
W'ere is dat swamp to-day?
Don't care if you're huntin' up an' down
You won't fin' not'ing but medder groun',
An' affer de summer come aroun'
W'ere can you see such hay?

Wall! de year go by, an' Louis leev'
Widout no work to do,
Rise w'en he lak on winter day,
Fin' all de snow is clear away,
No fuss, no not'ing, dere's de sleigh
An' trotter waitin' too.

W'en t'orty year is nearly t'roo
An' devil's not come back
'Course Louis say, "Wall! he forget
Or t'ink de tam's not finish yet;
I'll tak' ma chance an' never fret,"
But dat's w'ere he mak' mistak'.

For on a dark an' stormy night
W'en Louis is sittin' dere,
Affer he fassen up de door
De devil come as he come before,
Lookin' de sam' only leetle more,
For takin' heem—you know w'ere.

"Asseyez vous, sit down, ma frien',
Bad night be on de road;
You come long way an' should be tire—
Jus' wait an' mebbe I feex de fire—
Tak' off your clothes for mak' dem drier,
Dey mus' be heavy load."

Dat's how poor Louis Desjardins
Talk to de devil, sir—
Den say, "Try leetle w'isky blanc,
Dey're makin' it back on St. Laurent—
It's good for night dat's cole an' raw,"
But devil never stir,

Until he smell de smell dat come
W'en Louis mak' it hot
Wit' sugar, spice, an' ev'ryt'ing,
Enough to mak' a man's head sing—
For winter, summer, fall an' spring—
It's very bes' t'ing we got.

An' so the devil can't refuse
To try de w'isky blanc,
An' say, "I'm tryin' many drink,
An' dis is de fines' I don't t'ink,
De firs, ba tonder! mak' me wink—
Hooraw, poor Canadaw!"

"Merci—non, non—I tak' no more,"
De devil say at las',
"For tam is up wit' you, Louis,
So come along, ma frien', wit' me,
So many star I'm sure I see,
De storm she mus' be pas'."

"No hurry—wait a minute, please,"
Say Louis Desjardins,
"We'll have a smoke before we're t'roo,
'T will never hurt mese'f or you
To try a pipe, or mebbe two,
Of tabac Canayen." *

"Wan pipe is all I want for me—
We'll finish our smoke downstair,"
De devil say, an' it was enough,
For w'en he tak de very firse puff
He holler out, "Maudit! w'at stuff!
Fresh air! fresh air!! fresh air!!!"

An' oh! he was never sick before
Till he smoke tabac Bruneau—
Can't walk or fly, but he want fresh air
So Louis put heem on rockin' chair
An' t'row heem off on de road out dere—
An' tole heem go below.

An' he shut de door an' fill de place
Wit' tabac Canayen,
An' never come out, an' dat's a fac'—
But smoke away till hees face is black—
So dat's w'y de devil don't come back
For Louis Desjardins.

An' dere he's yet, an' dere he'll stay—
So weech of de two'll win
Can't say for dat—it's kin' of a doubt,
For Louis, de pipe never leave hees mout',
An' night or day can't ketch heem out,
An' devil's too scare' go in.

—*William Henry Drummond*

THE HOST OF THE AIR *

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake,
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

* From *Poems*, by William Butler Yeats. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place
And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
And out of his dream awoke:
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

—*William B. Yeats*

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY *

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,

* From *Poems*, by William Butler Yeats. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

—*William B. Yeats*

THE FAUN SEES SNOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

Zeus,
Brazen-thunder-hurler,
Cloud-whirler, son-of-Kronos,
Send vengeance on these Oreads
Who strew
White frozen flecks of mist and cloud
Over the brown trees and the tufted grass
Of the meadows, where the stream
Runs black through shining banks
Of bluish white.

Zeus,
Are the halls of heaven broken up
That you flake down upon me
Feather-strips of marble?

Dis and Styx!
When I stamp my hoof
The frozen-cloud-specks jam into the cleft
So that I reel upon two slippery points. . . .

Fool, to stand here cursing
When I might be running!

—*Richard Aldington*

ETIQUETTE *

The Gossips tell a story of the Sparrow and the Cat,
The Feline thin and hungry and the Bird exceeding fat.
With eager, famished energy and claws of gripping steel,
Puss pounced upon the Sparrow and prepared to make a meal.

The Sparrow never struggled when he found that he was caught
(If somewhat slow in action he was mighty quick of thought),
But chirped in simple dignity that seemed to fit the case,
"No Gentleman would ever eat before he'd washed his face!"

This hint about his Manners wounded Thomas like a knife
(For Cats are great observers of the Niceties of Life);
He paused to lick his paws, which seemed the Proper Thing to do,—
And, chirruping derisively, away the Sparrow flew!

In helpless, hopeless hunger at the Sparrow on the bough,
Poor Thomas glowered longingly, and vowed a Solemn Vow:
"Henceforth I'll eat my dinner first, *then* wash myself!"—
And that's
The Universal Etiquette for Educated Cats.

—*Arthur Guiterman*

* From *The Laughing Muse*, by Arthur Guiterman. Copyright, 1915, by Harper & Brothers.

THE POTATOES' DANCE *

(A Poem Game)

I

"Down cellar," said the cricket,
"Down cellar," said the cricket,
"Down cellar," said the cricket,
"I saw a ball last night
In honor of a lady,
In honor of a lady,
In honor of a lady,
Whose wings were pearly-white,
The breath of bitter weather,
The breath of bitter weather,
The breath of bitter weather,
Had smashed the cellar pane.
We entertained a drift of leaves.
We entertained a drift of leaves.
We entertained a drift of leaves.
And then of snow and rain.
But we were dressed for winter,
But we were dressed for winter,
But we were dressed for winter,
And loved to hear it blow.
In honor of the lady,
In honor of the lady,
In honor of the lady,
Who makes potatoes grow,
Our guest the Irish lady,

* From *The Chinese Nightingale*, by Vachel Lindsay. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

The tiny Irish lady,
The airy Irish lady,
Who makes potatoes grow.

II

"Potatoes were the waiters,
Potatoes were the waiters,
Potatoes were the waiters,
Potatoes were the band,
Potatoes were the dancers
Kicking up the sand,
Kicking up the sand,
Kicking up the sand,
Potatoes were the dancers
Kicking up the sand.
Their legs were old burnt matches,
Their legs were old burnt matches,
Their legs were old burnt matches,
Their arms were just the same.
They jigged and whirled and scrambled,
Jigged and whirled and scrambled,
Jigged and whirled and scrambled,
In honor of the dame,
The noble Irish lady
Who make potatoes dance,
The witty Irish lady,
The saucy Irish lady,
The laughing Irish lady
Who makes potatoes prance.

III

"There was just one sweet potato.
He was golden brown and slim.

The lady loved his dancing,
The lady loved his dancing,
The lady loved his dancing,
She danced all night with him,
She danced all night with him,
Alas, he wasn't Irish.
So when she flew away,
They threw him in the coal-bin,
And there he is to-day,
Where they cannot hear his sighs
And his weeping for the lady,
The glorious Irish lady,
The beautious Irish lady,
Who
Gives
Potatoes
Eyes."

—*Vachel Lindsay*

DAGONET, ARTHUR'S FOOL

Dagonet, Arthur's fool,
  He shocked and crashed with the rest,
But they gave him his coup-de-grace,
  When Arthur fought in the West.

Dagonet, Arthur's fool,
  They smashed him, body and soul,
And they shoved him under a bush,
  To die like a rat in a hole.

His poor little queer fool's body
  Was twisted awry with pain:—
Dagonet, Arthur's fool,
  Left to die in the rain.

He writhed and groaned in his torment,
  But none heard his shameful cry:—
Dagonet, Arthur's fool,
  Whom they left alone to die.

Mordred hated the fool,
  And he passed the place where he lay,
"Ah-ha! my pleasant fool,
  We'll see if you'll jest to-day!"

"We've silenced your bitter tongue,
  We've stopped your quirks and pride!"
And Mordred, who ne'er forgot,
  He kicked the fool aside.

Mordred was ever vile,
  He scorned each knightly rule,
He swung a crashing blow
  Right on the mouth of the fool.

He lifted his bleeding head,
  Dazed for a moment's space;
Then Dagonet, Arthur's fool,
  He laughed in Mordred's face.

—M. St. Clare Byrne

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN *

"In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, and white. And in our land be also unicornes and these Unicornes slee many Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn."—*Mediaeval Epistle, of Pope Prester John.*

I

Aeross the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark!
Cho.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in the dark!

II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below?
Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?

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We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know.
Cho.—We were simply singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know.

III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain
Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire:
And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain
There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;
For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,
Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to the depth of our desire!
Cho.—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire!

IV

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful
We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful
As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,
When we saw a sudden figure,
Tall and black as any nigger,
Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a frown!
Cho.—Like the devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden crown!

V

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we chaunted,
"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"

"What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well, if ye don't mind being haunted,
Faith you're welcome to my palace; I'm the famous Prester John!
Will ye walk into my palace?
I don't bear 'ee any malice!
One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John!"
Cho.—So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John!

VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby—
Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a half!
And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him, with his tongue out like a calf!
Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely
Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh!
Cho.—For they both forgot their manners and the crew was bound to laugh!

VII

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,
We walked into an opal like a sunset-colored cloud—
"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light we saw a dinner
Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd;
And the skipper, swaying gently
After dinner, murmurs faintly,

"I looks towards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"
Cho.—And we drank his health with honors, for he *done* us *very* proud!

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon
Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree!
"That's the Phœnix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen
Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee!
When his hundred years expire
Then he'll set hisself a-fire
And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"
Cho.—With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

IX

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river,
And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die!
The centuries go by, but Prester John endures forever
With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky!
While *your* hearts are growing colder,
While your world is growing older,
There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky."
Cho.—It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song is dry!

X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied us,—
First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops
and eyed us,
While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!
We was trying to look thinner
Which was hard, because our dinner
Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat of high degree!
Cho.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole menarjeree!

XI

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy meadows
Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark!
And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping at our shadows,
And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!
And home again we plodded
While the Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through
the dark,
Cho.—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow
through the dark!

XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again we
pondered—
A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.
Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know!
Cho.—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could
not know.

—*Alfred Noyes*

WHEN SHAKESPEARE LAUGHED *

When Shakespeare laughed, the fun began!
Even the tavern barmaids ran
To choke in secret, and unbent
A lace, to ease their merriment.
The *Mermaid* rocked to hear the man.

Then Ben his aching girth would span,
And roar above his pasty pan,
"Avast there, Will, for I am spent!"
When Shakespeare laughed.

I' faith, let him be grave who can
When Falstaff, Puck and Caliban
In one explosive jest are blent!
The boatmen on the river lent
An ear to hear the mirthful clan
When Shakespeare laughed.

—*Christopher Morley*

SUGGESTED BY A COVER OF A VOLUME OF KEATS'S POEMS *

Wild little bird, who chose thee for a sign
To put upon the cover of this book?

* From *The Rocking Horse*, by Christopher Morley. Copyright, 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

* From *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, by Amy Lowell. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Who heard thee singing in the distance dim,
The vague, far greenness of the enshrouding wood,
When the damp freshness of the morning earth
Was full of pungent sweetness and thy song?

Who followed over moss and twisted roots,
And pushed through the wet leaves of trailing vines
Where slanting sunbeams gleamed uncertainly,
While ever clearer came the dropping notes,
Until, at last, two widening trunks disclosed
Thee singing on a spray of branching beech,
Hidden, then seen; and always that same song
Of joyful sweetness, rapture incarnate,
Filled the hushed, rustling stillness of the wood?

We do not know what bird thou art. Perhaps
That fairy bird, fabled in island tale,
Who never sings but once, and then his song
Is of such fearful beauty that he dies
From sheer exuberance of melody.

For this they took thee, little bird, for this
They captured thee, tilting among the leaves,
And stamped thee for a symbol on this book.
For it contains a song surpassing thine,
Richer, more sweet, more poignant. And the poet
Who felt this burning beauty, and whose heart
Was full of loveliest things, sang all he knew
A little while, and then he died; too frail
To bear this untamed, passionate burst of song.

—*Amy Lowell*

THE SHEPHERD TO THE POET

Och, what's the good o' spinnin' words
As fine as silken thread?
Will "golden gorse upon the hill"
Be gold to buy ye bread?

An' while ye're list'nin' in the glen
"To catch the thrush's lay,"
Your thatch is scattered be th' wind,
Your sheep have gone astray.

Th' time ye're afther makin' rhymes
O' "leppin' waves an' sea,"
Arrah! ye should be sellin' then
Your lambs upon the quay.

Sure, 'tis God's ways is very quare,
An' far beyont my ken,
How o' the selfsame clay he makes
Poets an' useful men!

—*Agnes Kendrick Gray*

TO YOURSELF *

Talking to people in well-ordered ways is prose,
And talking to them in well-ordered ways or
in disordered outbreak may be poetry.

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But talking to yourself, out on a country road,
no houses and no hedges to conceal a listener,
Only yourself and heaven and the trees and a
wind and a linnet;
Talking to yourself in those long breaths that
sing or hum or whistle fullness of the heart,
Or the short breaths,
Beats of the heart,
Whether it be of sadness or a haystack,
Mirth or the smell of the sea,
A cloud or luck or love,
Any of these or none—
Is poetry.

—*Witter Bynner*

NOTES

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THE NOTES

Recently, a former pupil was telling me about his summer vacation—two months spent near the sea. (Most of it, I fancy, had been *in* the sea.) He casually remarked that he had taught eight people to dive.

"Splendid! How do you teach them?" I queried.

"Oh, anybody could do it. First you have them come out on the raft with you every day and watch the fun. After awhile you begin to tease them about not doing it and tell them how easy it is. Sometimes you just accidentally push them off the raft when they're standing near the edge. Once they've found out that it doesn't kill them to go 'way under water, you can begin to tell them how to dive right—how to keep their feet together, and aim out rather than down. Not too much at a time, though, because that rattles them. I guess they learn most from watching the different people on the raft do it. Of course, they have to keep at it themselves all the time. But they certainly learn a lot from seeing stunts done right, or even from seeing them done wrong."

"Could a person learn without being taught?"

"Well, yes, if he kept at it long enough. Some people find it a lot easier than others. But I know, myself, that it would have taken me weeks longer if I hadn't kept my eyes open and taken tips from the other fellows once in a while. Maybe you don't call that being taught. It's more like—well, it's being shown how to teach yourself."

This boy is planning to be an engineer. I hope he will sometime have a chance to combine teaching with his en-

gineering. For unconsciously he has discovered the chief secret of pedagogy—giving a person directions and examples whereby he may teach himself.

These Notes give examples of the way some boys and girls at Hartford High have studied modern verse for the last two years. I don't claim it is the only way; perhaps it is not always the right way. For instance, my pupils have never cared much about lists of all the books written by individual poets. (If they were really interested in an author's work, they went down to the Public Library and looked him up for themselves; otherwise, titles made no impression on them.) So here I have usually indicated only the general extent of each poet's work, except in cases where further information was not readily accessible. Neither have my classes liked ready-made critical estimates of a poet's work. As a girl once put it, "I suppose the critics are right in saying that Shakespeare was great, because critics don't agree on a thing for hundreds of years unless it's true; but with modern authors, I should think every one had a right to her own opinion." That seemed to be the general feeling, and it produced some heated discussion which we found most stimulating. For that reason, I have tried to refrain from labels of all kinds. Now, perhaps, pupils in other schools would like all this information. If so, there are plenty of library catalogues available, and plenty of books of criticism. (At the end of the Supplementary Reading List will be found several titles of the latter.)

Three things, however, my pupils did find of very great assistance in "being shown how to teach themselves" poetry. They were always curious to know about the lives of authors, and often discovered interesting connections between biographical details and poems which they read. Second, before they could really understand a poem, they sometimes needed information about its allusions, its background, its technique; and they found such information hard to track down, espe-

cially in a short time. And last, the majority of them appreciated a few hints how to study a poem—questions showing them what to look for, suggesting parallels, or stimulating thought and imagination. It was understood that any such questions were merely typical, illustrative of many others which they would doubtless ask themselves, once their minds had received the initial impetus. If pupils honestly preferred—as a few did—to read the poem over and over again until subconsciously they realized its full appeal, they were quite at liberty to do so. I should hate to feel that any future reader of this book was forced to "study" the Notes when he was inwardly convinced that such study was spoiling his enjoyment of the poems. For to some young people—a fortunate few—poetry comes as naturally as diving does to others; and some would rather keep patiently at it for and by themselves without paying much attention to the examples of others. But the majority of my three-hundred-odd pupils, I think, felt that it paid to "keep their eyes open and take tips once in a while"—that by learning a few facts and having a few ideas suggested to them they taught themselves sooner than they otherwise could have to appreciate poetry instinctively and intelligently.

On a scorching summer day, the person who does not know how to dive looks with mingled awe and envy at the lithe, beautifully poised figures on the raft and the cool, green depths below them. Down—down—down they plunge, coming up again with new exhilaration in their faces and new light in their eyes. Many people hesitate as they stand above the sparkling "many-voiced" sea of modern verse. But the deeper one teaches himself to dive into that sea, the oftener he wishes to do it, and the more his mind becomes refreshed and strengthened. Who wouldn't be an experienced diver?

SEA-FEVER

(From *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*)

John Masefield was born in 1874. From childhood he had such a love of the sea that his parents apprenticed him, at fourteen, to a shipmaster as a cabin boy. Later, he spent several years before the mast. Then he wandered on foot through various countries. For awhile he worked in New York, first in a saloon and then in a factory. Returning to England with his mind finally made up to devote himself to literature, he worked patiently for over ten years before the publication of *The Everlasting Mercy* (which won the Edmond de Polignac prize in 1912) made him famous. Since then he has published many volumes of verse and plays. During the war he served with the Red Cross in France and at Gallipoli, fitting out a hospital ship at his own expense. He has made a lecture tour of the United States.

For generations, love of the sea has been a characteristic of the Englishman. Over a thousand years ago, an Anglo-Saxon poet whose name we do not know—and in a way, it does not matter, since he was but a voice for many of his fellows—composed a long poem called "The Seafarer." A few scattered lines from it (Cook and Tinker's translation) will show the similarity of feeling:

"The hail flew in showers about me; and there I heard only
The roar of the sea, ice-cold waves, and the song of the swan;
For pastime the gannet's cry served me; the kittiwakes' chatter
For laughter of men; and for mead-drink the call of the
sea-mews."

. . . . . .

"Yet the thoughts of my heart now are throbbing
To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultuous play,
Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander
To seek out the home of the stranger in lands afar off."

. . . . . .

"Now my spirit uneasily turns in the heart's narrow chamber,
Now wanders forth over the tide, o'er the home of the whale,
To the end of the earth—and comes back to me. Eager and greedy,
The lone wanderer screams, and resistlessly drives my soul onward
Over the whale-path, over the tracts of the sea."

On what sort of day do you love the sea best?

WILD WEATHER

(From *Crack o' Dawn*)

Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. Gifford) is a Smith College graduate. She has published two books of verse, and contributes frequently to leading magazines. She lives in Pittsfield, Mass.

Which do you prefer—a windy day near the sea or a windy day in the country? What words here give best an idea of the onrush and might of the wind? Do you know a famous nineteenth century poem which is full of a man's fierce exultation in this great force of Nature?

HIGH-TIDE

(From *Growing Pains*)

Jean Starr was born in Ohio, 1886. She attended private schools in Ohio and New York and took a Columbia University extension course. She married Louis Untermeyer (q. v.) in 1907. She has published one volume of verse, and contributes to leading magazines.

What two ideas about the moon—one scientific, the other mythical—are skillfully combined in this poem?

(The following long note on the difficult subject of free verse is not intended "for immediate consumption." In connection with this poem, it should be read aloud and discussed; but it should be again referred to whenever other poems in free verse are read until the principles and their application become quite familiar. It is given here to counteract, at the start, the very prevalent and equally false notion that free verse is nothing but chopped-up prose, written by some one who is too lazy to invent rhymes or preserve meter.)

Free verse is not a lawless form. It is based upon the natural cadences of the human voice—that is, the "falls" or pauses in speech which are occasioned by the speaker's need to breathe, or by his dwelling on certain words for emphasis. The contention of free verse writers is that in rhymed and metrical poetry these cadences cannot be sufficiently varied for the reader to convey exactly the author's varied emotions. To quote John Gould Fletcher (this passage is from the preface to *Irradiations*):

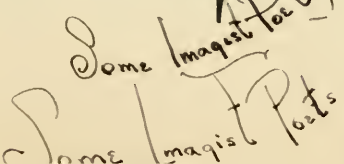
"I maintain that poetry is capable of as many gradations in cadence as music is in time. We can have a rapid group of syllables—what is called a line—succeeded by a slow heavy

one; like the swift scurrying of the wave and the sullen dragging of itself away. Or we can gradually increase or decrease our time, creating accelerando and rallentando effects. Or we can follow a group of rapid lines with a group of slow ones, or a single slow, or vice versa. Finally, we can have a perfectly even and unaltered movement throughout, if we desire to be monotonous.

"The good poem is that in which all these effects are used to convey the underlying emotions of its author, and that which welds all these emotions into a work of art by the use of dominant motif, subordinate themes, proportionate treatment, repetition, variation,—what in music is called development, reversal of rôles, and return. In short, the good poem fixes a free emotion, or a free range of emotions, into an inevitable and artistic whole."

From this passage, we see that free verse writers disregard the arbitrary units of feet, number or quantity of syllables in lines, and stanzas. The unit which they preserve is the strophe. ("Strophe" in Greek tragedy meant the "turn" or circuit of the altar made by the chorus in the pauses between action, and hence the group of lines which they recited or chanted while they were making this turn. It differs from the stanza in that it has no universally prescribed length or meter.) Free verse writers, then, mean by "strophe" a division corresponding roughly to the paragraph in prose. It may be the whole poem or only a part of it. The important consideration is that it shall be a perfect circle, give the effect of completed harmony. Usually, it does this by "returning" upon itself, "like a balanced pendulum"; that is, some thought or some sound at the end brings one's mind back to the thought or sound of the beginning.

Within this large unit of the strophe, the lines may vary tremendously. An illustration of this idea is found in the preface to *Some Imagist Poets, 1916:*



"Suppose a person were given the task of walking, or running, round a large circle, with two minutes given to do it in. Two minutes which he would just consume if he walked round the circle quietly. But in order to make the task easier for him, or harder, as the case may be, he was required to complete each half-circle in exactly a minute. No other restrictions were placed upon him. He might dawdle in the beginning, and run madly to reach the half-circle mark on time, and then complete his task by walking steadily round the second half to goal. Or he might leap, and run, and skip, and linger in all sorts of ways, making up for slow going by fast, and for extra haste by pauses, and vary these movements on either lap of the circle as the humor seized him, only so that he were just one minute in traversing the first half circle, and just one minute in traversing the second."

Writers of free verse, then, reduce the "mechanics" of poetry to one essential—cadence. But it might be added that though they regard *regularity* of rhyme and meter as a hampering non-essential, they fully realize the effectiveness of occasional metrical lines and rhyming words irregularly placed. All the devices familiar to poets for ages—assonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia, etc.—are, of course, their stock in trade, used as often as ever Spenser used them. In fact, they claim that their free technique enables them to employ the "inevitable," the most perfect, word more often than restrictions of rhyme and meter would permit. It is true that artists who take this new form seriously have given exquisite expression to their ideas; and the crimes which have been committed by others in the name of free verse ought not to prejudice us against this real achievement.

A very clear and fair estimate of the whole issue between free verse and "orthodox" verse is found in Chapter VI of Lowes' *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*. It should be read by every one who is interested in this subject. Professor

Lowes' chief point is that since poets of real genius have in past ages found it possible to preserve *both* the small rhythms of lines and the larger strophic unit, the poets who deliberately forego one of these effects for the sake of the other must have very definite compensations to offer. Professor Perry is another critic who in Chapter VI of his recent book *A Study in Poetry*, takes up this vexed question. As he points out, it is by no means a new one.

Quite apart from discussion, there is one real benefit which you may receive from studying free verse. It gives splendid practice in reading aloud, for the cadences are more delicate than those of prose, and less obvious than those of metrical verse. The reader has power to make it an instrument of mental torture or a thing of beauty.

SAILOR TOWN

(From *Sailor Town*)

Cicely Fox Smith was born in England toward the close of the last century. One of her ancestors was Captain John Smith of Virginia. Several years spent on the Pacific Coast of Canada gave her a full opportunity to indulge her passion for ships and the sea. To quote from her letter: "I wish I might truthfully tell you that I was a sea-captain's daughter and had sailed with him on all his voyages. That is what some of my unknown correspondents have surmised. Also, I frequently receive letters from sailormen who do not know my sex asking if I am not an old shipmate."

Miss Smith has published three volumes of verse and three novels, Canadian in setting. She is now living in England.

Have you ever been along the water-front in a fishing center like Gloucester or any large harbor city? If you were writing

a poem about it, would you choose the scene in daytime or the scene in the evening, as the author has? Of the many objects in the little shops, why do you think she picked out the ones she did for mention?

THE SHIP OF RIO

(From *Peacock Pie*)

Walter de la Mare was born in 1873, and educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. Since 1902 he has written five volumes of verse. (Recently, these have been published in an American "collected edition" of two volumes.) In 1910 he won the Edmond de Polignac prize for that year. He is a very quiet, unworldly man, with an eternally young heart and a keen sense of humor. His poems are chiefly of three types: child-poems, many of which rival *Mother Goose;* character-studies; and poems of elusive and mysterious fancy.

This is one of the first group. It gives equal delight to children and to grown-ups.

OLD ANCHOR CHANTY

(From *Poems with Fables in Prose*)

Herbert Trench is very fond of sea life as the traveler knows it. He was born in Ireland, 1865, and educated at Haileybury and Oxford. He has held positions of honor on the Board of Education, been director of the Haymarket

Theater, and done much to promote better understanding between Great Britain and Italy. He has written poems and plays.

"The Chanty-Man Sings," by William Brown Meloney (*Everybody's Magazine*, August 1915) would be most interesting to read in connection with this. It gives the words and tunes for several famous old chanties—those songs that sailors used to sing while they were heaving anchor, hoisting yards, or adjusting sails, on the square-rigged ships and schooners. The chanty verse consisted of alternate solo and chorus lines. Often the leader improvised as he went along.

When this is read aloud in class, two solo parts should be assigned, and all others join in the chorus.

IRRADIATIONS—III

(From *Irradiations; Sand and Spray*)

John Gould Fletcher was born in Arkansas in 1886. He attended Phillips Andover and Harvard. Soon afterwards, he went to Europe, remaining six years. Returning to America at the outbreak of the war, he travelled in the West. In 1916, he went back to England, where he has been living since. He has published several volumes of verse which embody interesting and very "advanced" poetic theories, and has translated a good deal of Japanese poetry.

Mr. Fletcher is one of the so-called "Imagists." The rules which these poets have set for themselves are given below, in their own words. They are taken from the preface to *Some Imagist Poets*, an anthology containing representative verse by Amy Lowell, "H. D." (Hilda Doolittle, now Mrs. Aldington), John Gould Fletcher, Richard Aldington, F. S. Flint, and D. H. Lawrence. They are prefaced by the statement:

"These principles are not new; they have fallen into desuetude. They are the essentials of all great poetry, indeed of all great literature."

"1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word, not the nearly exact, nor the merely decorative word.

"2. To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. We do not insist upon "free verse" as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free-verse than in conventional forms. In poetry a new cadence means a new idea.

"3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject. It is not good art to write badly of aeroplanes and automobiles, nor is it necessarily bad art to write well about the past. We believe passionately in the artistic value of modern life, but we wish to point out that there is nothing so uninspiring nor as old-fashioned as an aeroplane of the year 1911.

"4. To present an image (hence the name: 'Imagist'). We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous. It is for this reason that we oppose the cosmic poet, who seems to us to shirk the responsibilities of his art.

"5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred and indefinite.

"6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the very essence of poetry."

A clear and interesting explanation (with illustrations) of these rules may be found in Amy Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.*

How does this poem show Mr. Fletcher to be an Imagist? Does his free verse embody the principles which were laid down in the note on "High-Tide"?

CARGOES

(From *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Sea Fever.")

Occasionally poems come in one flash of inspiration. Mr. Masefield is said to have written this in half an hour.

What idea is suggested by the poem as a whole? How does the intentional anticlimax contribute to this? Which of the three pictures is clearest in your mind?

THE OLD SHIPS

(From *Collected Poems*)

In James Elroy Flecker's untimely death English poetry suffered a great loss. Born in 1884, he died of consumption when only thirty. He was an Oxford man. He spent four years of his life in the Consular Service, holding posts at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Beyrout. He married a Greek girl. He loved the East, especially for its picturesqueness and its age-old civilization.

How long ago did "the pirate Genoese" do battle? What did the "drowsy ship of some yet older day" look like? How old might it possibly be? Do you remember the wooden horse of Troy? Who lived on the island of Ææa?

SING A SONG O' SHIPWRECK

(From *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Sea Fever.")

This was written while Mr. Masefield was a very young man, still serving before the mast.

Do you like the poem's being written in dialect? What details give vividness? humor? What shows that the sailor is not so callous as he may seem? Should you have liked a full account of the rescue?

PIRATE TREASURE

(From *Heart of New England*)

Abbie Farwell Brown still lives in her native city—Boston, Massachusetts. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College, and has traveled much abroad. She has written many books for children and short stories, as well as verse.

Though the age of pirates is past, few people can think long of the sea without thinking of a "Jolly Roger." As the lady found out, distance lends enchantment, and yet—do you think she wholly repented her adventuresomeness?

Do you know "The Skeleton in Armor," by Longfellow?

These verses would be splendid to set to music.

FOG

(From *Chicago Poems*)

Carl Sandburg was born in 1878. Forced to leave school at thirteen, he worked at six or seven trades before enlisting for service in the Spanish-American War. After his return, he put himself through Lombard College, then roamed the Middle West as a newspaperman, a salesman, and an organizer for the Social-Democratic party of Wisconsin. From 1910–1912 he was secretary to the mayor of Milwaukee. He is now an editorial writer on the *Chicago Daily News,* and a lecturer on poetry, as well as one of the leading poets in America. His three volumes of verse show a steady increase in power to handle a very free technique. He uses no standard meters whatever.

The whole point of this "handful" is the unusual comparison. What do you think of it?

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT DAWN

(From *New Poems*)

Richard Le Gallienne was born in Liverpool, 1866, and educated at Liverpool College. He was engaged in business for seven years, but abandoned it in favor of literature. For about fifteen years he has lived in the United States. He has written much, chiefly essays and poems.

Since this is the first sonnet in the collection, and there are many others, make sure you remember what a sonnet is—in respect to length, divisions, transitions of thought and various rhyme-schemes. In spite of the fact that it is an old

and much-used form and very difficult, it maintains tremendous popularity.

You would find it interesting to compare this with a famous sonnet by Wordsworth, "On Westminster Bridge." What is the idea common to both? What additional thought is found in the closing lines of Mr. Le Gallienne's? Which picture do you think has more of the elusive something which we call beauty?

EEN NAPOLI

(From *Carmina*)

Thomas Augustine Daly was born in 1871. After studying at Fordham University, he took up newspaper work, which has been his vocation ever since. He has been general manager for the *Catholic Standard and Times*, editorial writer on the *Philadelphia Record*, and associate editor of the *Evening Ledger*. He is a member of the American Press Humorists, and—as that implies—a very witty lecturer and writer. His five volumes of verse have been extremely popular. Most of the poems are in Italian or Irish dialect.

How often do you think of immigrants as homesick? Through which one of the senses is poignant remembrance apt to come?

CITY ROOFS

(From *Today and Tomorrow*)

"Charley" Towne is very popular in New York because of his genial, whole-hearted interest in everything and

everybody. He was born in Kentucky (1877) but says he could never be happy long away from New York. He has been an editor on various magazines, has written words for songs by well-known musicians, and published two volumes of verse.

Have you been up to the top of the Metropolitan tower, or seen a similar view of any great city? Does the thought of the poem seem natural? depressing? Would the thought of the last stanza occur to you? Do you believe there are more bad people in the world than good ones?

BROADWAY

(From *Poems and Ballads*)

Hermann Hagedorn was born in 1882. He graduated from Harvard in 1907, and from 1909–11 was instructor in English there. He first achieved reputation through his plays; since, he has written poems, translations, and fiction. He was one of the founders of the Vigilantes (1916) and lately has been on the Executive Committee of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. He not only owns, but runs, a farm in Connecticut.

What three things about the Broadway evening crowds suggest the comparison? Why should they be called "far" when the writer was probably jostling elbows with them? Does the figure of speech become too involved?

THE PEDDLER

(From *Poems and Ballads*)

(For biographical note, refer to preceding poem.)

Point out all the differences you see between this poem

and "Broadway." Should you think they were by the same author? Which do you like better?

ROSES IN THE SUBWAY

(From *Poems*)

Dana Burnet was born in 1888, in Cincinnati. He studied law at Cornell, but soon turned to newspaper work. From 1911–1918 he was with the *New York Evening Sun.* (In the winter of 1917–18 they sent him to France as a special writer.) He now devotes himself almost entirely to his writing. He has published much fiction, as well as poetry.

What line shows you that the roses mean a great deal to the girl? Why do they? What might have been the thoughts of some other fellow-passengers?

THE FACTORIES

(From *Factories*)

Margaret Widdemer was born in Pennsylvania. She was educated at home, and attended Drexel Institute Library School. Since 1912 she has contributed to well-known magazines, writing fiction and essays as well as verse. In 1919 she married Robert Haven Schauffler. She has recently brought out an anthology of ghost-poems, called *The Haunted Hour*, which you might find interesting.

How far do you think each individual is responsible for general social abuses? The last few years have wrought great changes in conditions of labor; is there still room for complaint?

PRAYERS OF STEEL

(From *Cornhuskers*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Fog.")

This same theme—the fearful beauty and the big meaning of a huge industry—is to be found in the title poem of Mr. Sandburg's new volume, *Smoke and Steel.*

What in the poem shows the author's vivid imagination? His interest in a new social order? His aspiration?

Several critics have said that in structure this reminded one of the Psalms. If you doubt it, look up Psalm 100, and write it out in ten lines of free verse. You will be astonished at the similarity. The Psalms, you know, were poetry—intended to be sung—and our Bible translators kept them wonderfully rhythmic. They are prose only in form.

ELLIS PARK

(From *Poetry; A Magazine of Verse*)

Helen Hoyt was born in Connecticut, and educated at private schools. She graduated from Barnard College in 1909. Since then, her home has been in the Middle West. She taught for awhile, then worked in an office (near Ellis Park), and finally, as a secretary, came into the office of *Poetry.* In 1918 she was made an associate editor. She has contributed to many magazines.

Ellis Park is in Chicago.

What is the most appealing thing about this poem?

THE PARK

(From *Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Roses in the Subway.")

Do you see any difference between the diction of this poem and that of "Roses in the Subway," or that of the preceding poem by Miss Hoyt? What do "marge," "heart of Arcady," "burgeoning" mean? In what sense has this poem a wider application than the preceding one?

AT TWILIGHT

(From *You and I*)

Americans owe a debt of gratitude to Harriet Monroe for the interest which she has stimulated in poetry. She is the founder and editor of *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, which has given encouragement and opportunity to many young American poets. She is also the author of several volumes of verse, and edited, with Alice Corbin Henderson, an interesting anthology, *The New Poetry*. She was born and has always lived in Chicago.

The city is Chicago, but it might be almost any great city on a rainy night. Should you call the picture mainly literal, mainly suggestive, or mainly imaginative?

IN LADY STREET

(From *Poems*)

John Drinkwater was born in 1882. He has published essays, poems, and plays, and has long been interested in problems of the stage. He is general manager of the Birming-

ham Repertory Theater. He became famous over-night with the production of *Abraham Lincoln*, which had an amazing run in London before its huge success here. He is to make a lecture tour of the States this winter.

Do you think that poetry is poetry when it describes ugly things? (This question has been debated for hundreds of years.) What, of course, is the point of the ugliness here? Should you judge that most of Mr. Drinkwater's poems were about the city or about the country?

THE BARREL ORGAN

(From *Collected Poems*)

Alfred Noyes, who was born in 1880, is an Englishman by birth, and an Oxford graduate. Recently, however, he has spent much time in the United States, not only lecturing, but occupying a professor's chair at Princeton University, so that many Americans are coming to look upon him as an "adopted" poet of their own. (Perhaps he would not regard this as a compliment!) During the war he served for a time in the British Foreign Office, and has been created C. B. E. He has written essays and fiction, but the bulk of his work is poetry, in which line popular opinion ranks him with Kipling and Masefield.

The street-organ, at least in America, will soon be a thing of the past. (Why?) Where, then, may you watch the same miracle of the effect of music on different people? Would the effect on these men and women be the same at any time of day? (Apropos of the "rowing-man," that sport has always been one of Mr. Noyes' hobbies.) Why does the poet introduce so much repetition, and so many variations of

a few ideas? Is the "lilac time" song intended to be an imitation of the average ragtime ditty, or is it too good for that? Why has the poem appealed so strongly to hundreds of readers?

THE GREEN INN

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

Theodosia Garrison Faulks was born in Newark, 1874, and educated at private schools. She was married in 1898, and again in 1911. She has published three volumes of poems, and contributed to leading magazines.

An extended figure like this is hard to carry through without a slip. What parts of it do you think are most successfully done? Notice, too, the rather unusual rhyme-scheme.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

(From *Rudyard Kipling's Verse—Inclusive Edition*)

There are few parts of the world which Rudyard Kipling has not seen. He was born in Bombay, 1865; went to England to be educated; returned to India and wrote for the Anglo-Indian press from 1882–1889; then traveled in China, Japan, America, Africa, and Australasia. For some time he lived in Vermont. (He had already become so famous that while there he used to be annoyed by autograph fiends, who would even buy his checks, given to local dealers, for the sake of the signature!) Since then, he has made his home in England. In 1907, he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. His work is astonishing, not only for its vigor, but for its versatility. His poems fill an enormous volume (*Inclusive Edition, 1885–1918*).

He is an acknowledged master of short story writing, whether the stories be of Anglo-Indian life (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), children's stories (the *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories*) or tales of ghosts and terror (*The Phantom Rickshaw, At the End of the Passage, The Mark of the Beast*). Of his novels, *Kim* is already a classic.

Which call of the Red Gods do you hear most clearly? Where would you go if it were the one given in stanza III? in stanza IV? What is meant by "'Send your road is clear before you?" Why do you think the poet chose the Indian figure of speech as a sort of background for his vivid pictures?

TO THE THAWING WIND

(From *A Boy's Will*)

Robert Frost, who is now forty-six years old, was born in San Francisco, but his education and life has been in New England, and all his affection centers on its hillside farms, its stone walls, its taciturn, conservative villagers. He has been a farmer himself, also. He has taught a great deal—grade school, academy, normal school, and college. From 1912–15 he was in England. He is now professor of English at Amherst. He spends much time on his farm at Franconia, N. H.

Why is the poet anxious for the thawing wind to come? Have you ever seen a window "flow" during a hard rain? What is meant by—

"leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix"?

When you read the poem, take particular care to bring out the humorous climax.

MISTER HOP-TOAD

(From *Songs o' Cheer*)

People in Indiana are so proud of James Whitcomb Riley that they have made his birthday a state holiday. He was born in 1853, and died in 1916. He tried sign-painting, acting, and newspaper work before he devoted himself to literature. Much of his verse is in the Hoosier dialect, but his "straight English" verses, like "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" have also been much quoted. Of his many volumes, *The Raggedy Man* and *The Little Orphant Annie Book* are two that you would like.

Do you know Robert Burns' poem "To a Mouse"? If you don't, hunt it up and compare it with this. There are some interesting similarities, and some interesting differences which are due to the different nationalities, times and temperaments of the poets.

One word may puzzle you. "Mind" in the 3d verse means "remember," in this dialect.

TO A POET (BY SPRING)

(From *Baubles*)

Carolyn Wells—Mrs. Hadwin Houghton, since 1918—has given people many an hour of delight with her nonsense poems and parodies. Look over sometimes *A Parody Anthology*, *A Satire Anthology*, and *A Whimsey Anthology*. She has also written many children's books. She has been engaged in literary work since 1900.

You know the conventional type of "Spring is here" poem. It is a case where "so much has been said, and so well said" that the goddess's protest seems quite natural. What did Chaucer say about "Aprile with his shoures sote"? What are some of Shakespeare's spring songs? Herrick's?

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

(From *The Lonely Dancer*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn.")

Do you think this poem would draw a protest from sated "Spring," or is it a trifle unusual?

What does "arras" mean?

Which lines do you like the least? The best?

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY

(From *April Airs*)

Bliss Carman is a native of New Brunswick. Born in 1861, he received his education there, at the University of Edinburgh, and at Harvard. He read law two years, traveled, and was in editorial work. Since 1894 he has devoted himself to literature, and has brought out twenty-seven small volumes of poetry, *April Airs* being the most recent.

My particular "mountain gateway" is in New Hampshire. Where is yours?

Do you remember about Daphne? If you do not, look up the story in Gayley's *Classic Myths*.

HAYMAKING

(From *Poems*)

Edward Thomas—Welsh, Spanish and English by descent—was born in 1878. He met death on the battlefield of Arras, April 9, 1917. In his thirty-nine years he had published essays, reviews, biographies, and one volume of verse. The latter is dedicated to Robert Frost, whom Mr. Thomas met while he was in England, and whose work he admired.

In no two periods of English literature have poets described the beauty of country life and scenery in quite the same way. Perhaps you remember Milton's description of a summer noon in the country:

> "Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
> From betwixt two aged oaks,
> Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
> Are at their savory dinner set
> Of herbs and other country messes
> Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
> And then in haste her bower she leaves
> With Thestylis to bind the sheaves
> Or, if the earlier season lead,
> To the tanned haycock in the mead."

At first reading, the conventional pastoral names familiar to Milton's readers make the lines sound artificial to us. Yet doubtless Milton was remembering with keen appreciation just the sort of scene described more fully here; and three hundred years hence, some poet will be mirroring the beauty of a similar scene according to the fashion of his age. Just at present we are favoring realistic detail, carefully observed,

but touched with unexpected bits of imagination. Point out vivid instances in this poem.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE

(From *The Congo*)

If Nicholas Vachel Lindsay could be persuaded to write an autobiography, it would make fascinating reading. So far as facts go—he was born in Illinois, 1879, educated at Hiram College, Chicago Art Institute, and New York School of Art; lectured for the Y. M. C. A. and stumped for the Anti-Saloon League; in 1912 walked from Illinois to New Mexico, distributing rhymes in return for a night's lodging, and speaking in behalf of "The Gospel of Beauty." For the last five years, he has lectured and recited his poetry in many parts of the United States, and spends three-quarters of every year at home writing. You would like "The Congo" and "The Chinese Nightingale," both too long to reprint in this volume. *The Village Magazine* (privately printed) contains dozens of symbolic and beautiful illustrations for poems.

In what sense is this poem really built around the title? Does the imagery interfere with the accurateness of the description?

GREETING

(From *Collected Poems*)

William Henry Davies was born in 1870, of Welsh parents. He was apprenticed to the picture-frame-making trade, but

after his term was over left England and became a tramp in America, for six years. Returning to England, he made several walking tours as a peddler of notions and as a street singer. His first volume of poems appeared when he was thirty-four. Since then, he has published seven other volumes, which have been collected and printed in one American edition.

What is it about this poem that almost makes you wish you were a tramp yourself?

A VAGABOND SONG

(From *More Songs of Vagabondia*)

The note on Bliss Carman will be found under "A Mountain Gateway." This poem is from the second of a series of three small volumes which were written in collaboration with Richard Hovey. He was a journalist, actor, dramatist, poet, and lecturer who died in 1900, when he was only thirty-six.

Do you think autumn "sets the gypsy blood astir" more than spring?

Would this poem be good to set to music—say, for a Boys' Glee Club?

THREE PIECES ON THE SMOKE OF AUTUMN

(From *Cornhuskers*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Fog.")

Why do you think the poet grouped these three short pieces

together? How does the predominant feeling here differ from that in the preceding autumn poem? In the second piece, why is the passage in parentheses inserted? All of this is free verse—but what devices as old as poetry itself are skilfully employed?

GOD'S WORLD

(From *Renascence and Other Poems*)

Edna St. Vincent Millay achieved her reputation very young. She was born in Maine, in 1892, and is a graduate of Vassar College. Her most famous long poem, "Renascence," was written when she was nineteen. Since, she has contributed to many magazines, and has a new volume of verse in preparation.

Here is still a third way in which the beauty of autumn affects people. Do you think it is more typical of a woman than of a man?

AFTER APPLE-PICKING

(From *Mountain Interval*)

(For biographical note, refer to "To the Thawing Wind.")

In that strange land of delicious drowsiness through which we pass to the sea of sleep, conscious remembrance becomes twisted into images half-real and half-fantastic. What shows the gradual blurring of the apple-picker's mind? Is the picture of the day in the orchard still fairly clear? Do you

like the concluding fancy? Notice the apparent carelessness of rhyme and meter. Does it satisfy your ear?

BROTHER BEASTS

(From *Wraiths and Realities*)

Cale Young Rice is a native of Kentucky. He was born in 1872 and educated at Cumberland University and Harvard. He has written many poetic dramas and poems. His wife is the author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, which was published the year before their marriage.

In what ways is this poem rather unusual?

Notice that there are few actual rhymes, and yet each stanza gives the effect of being much rhymed. How do you account for it?

BIRCHES

(From *North of Boston*)

(For biographical note, refer to "To the Thawing Wind.")

Did you ever think of trying this sport yourself? Which page of the poem do you think is most "poetical"?

Read the first page and consider it, for a minute, simply as blank verse. How does it differ from blank verse you have already known?

HIGHMOUNT

(From *These Times*)

Louis Untermeyer is a man of many interests—by vocation a designer and manufacturer of jewelry, by avocation a poet, translator, parodist, lecturer, editor and critic. He was born in 1885, was educated in New York and has always lived there. One very enjoyable volume of his parodies is referred to under "The Sunken Garden." His two recently published anthologies, *Modern American Poetry* and *Modern British Poetry*, are ones which you would like.

What did the Psalmist say about the hills, long, long ago? How does this poem differ from "A Mountain Gateway"?

A VIGNETTE

(From *Collected Poems*)

Robert Bridges has been the poet laureate of England since 1913. (What great poets have formerly held this office?) He was born in 1844. He is an Oxford man, and for years was a physician by profession. He has written various plays, poems and critical essays; his latest volume of verse, *October and Other Lyrical Poems,* (1920) has been highly praised by critics in England.

What trace of the older "poetic diction" do you notice here? Is the poem modern in spirit? What interpretation is here given of the beauty of Nature?

THE WORLD'S MISER

(From *Poems*)

Theodore Maynard, though as yet only thirty, has had a checkered career. Born in India, the son of a missionary, he studied first for the Congregational ministry and then for the Unitarian pulpit; finally he became a Roman Catholic. He spent two years in America, where, owing to unforeseen emergencies, he worked as a factory hand, a bill poster, a book canvasser, and a hand on a cattle boat. Soon after returning to England in 1911, he began to write poetry, and from 1916 on has been making a reputation for himself, being a lecturer and critic as well as a poet.

I recently heard a very sweet and religious but rather narrow-minded old lady say that she thought this poem was sacrilegious. Do you see why she thought so? What lines of the poem show unmistakably the love and deep reverence which lie behind the odd conception?

GOOD COMPANY

(From *Blue Smoke*)

Karle Wilson Baker was born in Arkansas, 1878; was educated at Little Rock Academy and the University of Chicago; married in 1907. She has published only one volume of verse, but has contributed stories, essays, and poems to various leading magazines, and has in preparation two nonsense fairy books for children.

Why is the last line italicized? Which line do you think gives the prettiest picture?

IRRADIATIONS—X

(From *Irradiations; Sand and Spray*)

(For biographical note, refer to III from *Irradiations.*)

Is the odd image justified? Is it consistently carried through? What is a howdah?

(Mr. Fletcher has long felt the influence of Oriental art and literature.)

TREES

(From *Poems, Essays and Letters*)

Joyce Kilmer was a young American soldier-poet whose death will long be mourned. He was born in New Jersey, 1886; graduated from Columbia in 1908; taught school and then became a newspaper man. He was connected longest with the *New York Sunday Times.* On America's declaration of war, he enlisted immediately as a private. Officially he was a sergeant, but was acting as adjutant when he was killed, on July 30, 1918.

Why has this little poem been so much admired and so widely quoted? Do you personally prefer this or the preceding one?

NIGHT-PIECE

(From *The Old Huntsman*)

An interesting sketch of Siegfried Sassoon's work and personality, written by his friend Robert Nichols, forms a preface to his second volume, *Counter-Attack*. Briefly: Mr. Sassoon is just over thirty; was educated at Marlborough and Christchurch (Oxford); served throughout the war as captain in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, both in France and Palestine, where he received the M. C.; and since then has been writing and lecturing, having made a tour of the United States in 1920.

He is best known as a poet of the war. Why, then, should this earlier poem be included in this collection? What are fauns? Dryads? What vowel, skilfully used throughout, somehow gives the effect of night noises in the woods? Do you remember the "blue meager hag" passage in *Comus?*

THE FINAL SPURT

(From *Reynard the Fox*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Sea Fever.")

These seventy-eight lines are really the climax of the long narrative poem which tells the story of a whole day's thrilling fox-hunt. The fox has shaken off his pursuers twice, but this time he seems doomed. After reading this, you surely will want to know whether the horses too, jumped the hedge, and whether Reynard finally escaped. Get a copy of the book and read the conclusion. It is rather unexpected, in that it sat-

isfies both our sympathy for the hunted fox and our sympathy for his pursuers. For although we, as Americans, have been bred to consider fox-hunting a cruel sport—a scruple which rarely occurs to an Englishman—as we follow Mr. Masefield's huntsmen and horses and dogs throughout the poem, we grow so fond of them, and so excited with them that we are ready to forgive their almost prayerful profanity and should feel really disappointed if they had their long day's chase for nothing.

THE HORSE THIEF

(From *Burglars of the Zodiac*)

William Rose Benét was born in 1886, educated at Albany Academy and Yale. Before the war he brought out three volumes of verse, and was assistant editor of the Century Magazine. After his honorable discharge from the Air Service, he went into the advertising business, then resumed his literary career, publishing *Burglars of the Zodiac*. He is now Associate Editor of the Literary Review (New York Evening Post).

How do you know that only a lover of horses could have written this poem? What makes it different from any other poem about horses that you have ever read? Why is it a good specimen of the type called "dramatic monologue?"

Bellerophon rode the winged horse Pegasus.

Sagittarius, "the archer," (sometimes represented as a Centaur, in older charts) is one of the constellations and a sign of the Zodiac. The idea of the Zodiac originated with the Babylonians, who not only named stars and planets after their gods, but positively identified the two.

THE RETURN

(From *Collected Poems*)

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson was born in 1878. In his early thirties he was a social worker, living in the East End of London. During part of the war, he served—quite characteristically, as a private—in the British Army. In 1917, he made a lecture tour of the United States. He has written a dozen small volumes of verse, most of which have been collected in one large volume. Some of the best verses are war-poems; the others deal with "the short and simple annals of the poor."

What is the unexpected twist at the end? Why is this suggestion worse than the one which probably occurred to you—that the boy might be killed?

THE ROAD OF THE REFUGEES

(From *The Sad Years*)

Dora Sigerson was a very sensitive, gifted young Irish writer, a member of a family who were prominent socially and intellectually, and actively interested in Irish politics. She married Mr. Clement Shorter in 1897. She lived afterwards in England, but was always passionately devoted to Ireland, and worry over the situation there doubtless hastened her death in January, 1918. She had already suffered much from the tragedy of the Great War.

If you did not know, how could you guess that this poem was written by a woman? Which one of your senses is particularly affected by reading the poem? By what poetic device is this effect accomplished? What is there rather unusual about the meter?

THE BOMBARDMENT

(From *Men, Women, and Ghosts*)

Amy Lowell was born in 1874, of a wealthy and distinguished Massachusetts family. She was educated at private schools, and has traveled widely. An interesting and significant feature of her poetic career is that she spent years in learning her craft before attempting to publish a single poem. They paid. Since 1912 she has published five books of verse, two books of literary criticism, and many essays, and has become widely known for her radical yet soundly defended poetic theories. It would seem as if there were few experiments left for her to try. She has put free verse on a sound critical basis, and has gone a step farther in her "polyphonic prose" pieces, of which this is an example.

This is what Miss Lowell says about "polyphonic prose" in her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry:*

" 'Polyphonic prose' is not a prose form, although being printed as prose many people have found it difficult to understand this. It is printed in that manner for convenience, as it changes its character so often, with every wave of emotion, in fact. The word 'polyphonic' is its keynote. 'Polyphonic' means 'many-voiced' and the form is so called because it makes use of all the 'voices' of poetry, viz.: meter, vers libre, assonance, alliteration, rhyme, and return. It employs every form of rhythm, even prose rhythm at times, but usually holds no particular one for long. It is an exceedingly difficult form to write, as so much depends upon the poet's taste. The rhymes may come at the ends of the cadences, or may appear in close juxtaposition to each other,

or may be only distantly related. It is an excellent medium for dramatic portrayal, for stories in scenes, as it permits of great vividness of presentation."

First of all, read *The Bombardment* through *aloud* at least twice. By that time, your ear will have told you that this is no prose, even though it is written as such. You must have noticed many cases of assonance, alliteration, rhyme and return. Pick out a few instances of each. Read it again, trying especially now to pick out phrases which swing into regular meter for an instant. You can try all sorts of interesting tests on it, if you have time. But don't neglect to read it aloud once more as a whole, not stopping to think about any of the poetic devices. Subconsciously, this time, you will find your ear satisfied, and you will be free to notice the wonderful succession of pictures.

THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

(From *On Heaven and Poems Written on Active Service*)

Ford Madox Hueffer was born in 1873, the grandson of the famous English painter Ford Madox Brown. His father was German, but had an intense hatred of Prussianism. It is not surprising, therefore, that he immediately sought a commission in the British Army during the war, although he was over age, and was abandoning a prosperous literary career. He was the first editor of *The English Review*, and has written fiction, essays, and biography as well as poetry.

How does this poem differ from the preceding one? What is rather unusual about the conception? Is the strictly impersonal tone effective?

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—1914

(From *Afternoons of April*)

Grace Hazard Conkling graduated from Smith College in 1899, and afterwards studied music and languages at Heidelberg and Paris. She was married in 1905. She has been instructor and professor in the English Department at Smith since 1914. She has spent several years in Mexico.

Word of the havoc wrought upon Rheims Cathedral came like the news of a friend's death to those who knew and loved the magnificent building, with its age-old beauty of detail. For whom does that beauty still exist? Of what lines in *Il Penseroso* do lines 9–12 remind you? Do you know Wordsworth's sonnet "On King's Chapel, Cambridge"?

THE OLD SOLDIER

(From *Flower of Youth*)

Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) was born in Dublin and educated in a Drogheda convent. Her first volume of verse was published in 1885. Since then, she has brought out many more volumes, fiction as well as poetry. She did much philanthropic work during the war, and gave her two sons to the British Army.

This poem, evidently, was written upon the death of the "great Captain." Do you like the thought? Do you like the very concrete form given to the idea of God's tender care for His children?

FUNK

(From *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*)

Robert W. Service, who is now forty-seven, is English by birth, Scotch by education, Canadian, American, and "citizen of the world" by experience. He has farmed, traveled, and worked in banks and on newspapers. He spent eight years in the Yukon, and much of his poetry concerns this wonderful land. He is an ardent motorist, and through the Great War drove a Red Cross ambulance.

Service has been called a disciple of Kipling. Does this poem show you why? What are the most vivid lines? The finest? What is suggested by the steady beat of the last line in each stanza?

THE DEVOUT HIGHLANDER

(From *Songs of the Shrapnel Shell*)

Captain Cyril Morton Horne was one of the English soldier-poets who gave his life. He was trying to rescue a wounded soldier in front of the trenches when a shrapnel shell burst overhead (Jan. 27, 1916). He was only twenty-nine.

How does this poem show that Captain Horne had a delicious sense of humor as well as a thorough understanding of Scotch characteristics?

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(From *The Spires of Oxford*)

Winifred M. Letts was born in 1887, in Ireland. She has always been much interested in Irish peasant life; in fact, an

article in the *Dublin Review* called her "a poet of the streets." She served as a nurse at base hospitals during the Great War, and that experience resulted in a volume of war poems, of which this is the best known. Besides verse, she has written novels, and books for children.

What pictures do you find here of the peace and beauty of Oxford? About how old are some of "the hoary colleges"? Should the sacrifice made by these men be appreciated any more than that made by others? Do you know the old English carol of which the last stanza gives an echo?

THE SOLDIER

(From *Collected Poems*)

Rupert Brooke was a poet of very great promise. He was born in 1887; educated at Rugby and Cambridge. He studied in Munich and traveled on the Continent; in 1913–1914 he made a trip to the South Seas, via the United States and Canada. He enlisted immediately on the outbreak of the war and was first sent to Antwerp. A few months later he sailed for the Dardanelles (with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force), but never reached there, dying from blood-poisoning on April 23, 1915. His grave is on the island of Scyros.

The sonnet-sequence called "1914" is better known than anything else of Brooke's, and of the five sonnets, this one is most often quoted. Do you see why it has been so highly praised? Which do you like better, the octave or the sestet?

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

(From *Poems*)

Alan Seeger was born in 1888. He was educated at various Eastern public and private schools and at Harvard. Soon after, he sailed for Paris, where he studied several years, until the war broke out. He immediately enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France, and served not quite two years, being killed in action on July 4, 1916.

Alan Seeger's name is often linked with Rupert Brooke's. They were both young, they both loved life tremendously, and they gave it up unhesitatingly. Each, too, had a strong presentiment of his approaching death.

Notice the contrasts here, pointed by the same constantly recurring thought.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

(From *In Flanders Fields*)

John McCrae was a Canadian, born in 1872. He took both his A. B. and his M. D. at the University of Toronto, finishing in 1898. During 1899–1900 he served in South Africa and spent the rest of his life in medical practice, for which he was exceptionally gifted. He enlisted immediately on the outbreak of the war. After a few months at the front, he was sent back to No. 3 General Hospital at Boulogne, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. His three years of tireless service there doubtless lessened his power to resist an attack of pneumonia, which caused his death in January, 1918.

Why is this poem more familiar to the average reader than any other poem of the Great War? Can you determine why it is so musical? (In this connection, you might study the first and third stanzas of "The Solitary Reaper," by Wordsworth, where the devices and effect are much the same. How does the unrhymed line in this poem help it still further?) In form, the poem is a "rondeau," a difficult and beautiful metrical pattern first used by French poets.

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING

(From *The New World*)

Laurence Binyon was born in 1869, and educated at St. Paul's School and Oxford. Since 1893 he has held various offices of trust and honor in the British Museum. He lectured in the U. S. A. in 1912 and 1914. During the war, he worked in a hospital in France, and as a volunteer in the anti-aircraft service.

Why do you think it is that this poem dealing with almost exactly the same theme as "In Flanders Fields" has not had the same popularity? In what sense has this poem a wider and a deeper thought?

COUNTER-ATTACK

(From *Counter-Attack and Other Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Night-Piece.")

This illustrates a kind of war verse which Sassoon and some other young poets have insisted should be written and should

be read. Do you understand why they thought so? Do you think, on the whole, it is more or less effective than any of the five preceding poems?

NOON (I FROM "BATTLE")

(From *Ardours and Endurances*)

Robert Nichols was one of those who left "the shaven lawns of Oxford" and he came very near finding the "bloody sod." An undergraduate of twenty-one, he enlisted immediately in 1914 and served as lieutenant for a year, until he was so severely wounded and shell-shocked that he had to be invalided out of service. He was later employed by the British Ministry of Labor. He made a lecture tour of the U. S. A. in 1918–19. He has a new volume of verse in preparation.

What two things which make the soldiers' situation well-nigh unbearable are brought out vividly in this brief sketch? Is it the same sort of poetry as "Counter-Attack"?

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WAR—FOR THE FOURTH TIME

(From *Fairies and Fusiliers*)

Robert Graves was born in 1895. In spite of his youth, he was a captain in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers before his army service ceased. Picked up for dead on the battle-field, he is said to have astounded the stretcher-bearers by suddenly exclaiming: "I'm not dead! I'm damned if I'll die!" He has just published his second volume of verse.

What is the very famous older poem which Mr. Graves had in mind while writing these verses? How would you know this to be a product of the twentieth century, as unmistakably as you would know the other to be one of the seventeenth?

THE RETREAT

(From *Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Return.")

At the first of the Mesopotamian campaign, the British suffered reverses because of their insufficient numbers and extreme difficulty in establishing communications. Very little, comparatively, has been written about these campaigns, but from the point of strategy they were most important. *British Campaigns in the Nearer East*, by Edmund Lane, is an interesting recent work on the subject.

Mr. Gibson's war poems generally concern the psychology of the soldier—that is, the way war's horrors affect his mind —rather than war's horrors themselves. Should you think this kind of war poetry would be more or less effective than that which employs realistic description of the horrors?

It is very unusual to find only two rhymes in a sonnet. What do you think was the author's purpose in thus limiting them, and in repeating one line so often?

NIGHT IN MESOPOTAMIA

(From *Night Winds of Araby*)

Lieutenant A. J. Eardley Dawson is twenty-one years old. He was educated at Cheltenham College, passed into the Cadet

College, Quetta, and was commissioned in 1917. Sent to an Indian regiment—the famous Queen's Rajputs—he has served in Mesopotamia, Salonica, South Russia, Armenia, Persia, and Constantinople.

How would you like to march, fight, and sleep in an Asian desert where during the day the thermometer was above 110° and during the night not below 80°?

What do you consider the best line here?

DOES IT MATTER?

(From *Counter-Attack and Other Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Night-Piece.")

What is the method employed here to make people realize what war means? Is it effective? Do you think we have done and are doing enough for our disabled and nerve-racked veterans?

THE DAWN PATROL

(From *The Dawn Patrol and Other Poems of an Aviator.*)

Captain Paul Bewsher was the first airman to obtain notice as a poet. He has also won distinction as a lecturer and a journalist. He was educated at St. Paul's School (London). He gained various war honors for exploits at Zeebrugge and elsewhere on the Belgian coast. With all this, he is still in his early twenties.

This poem, with its beauty, its sense of soaring, and its realization of the Great Guiding Power, has always reminded me of two very famous "bird" poems—one English, one American. Do you know them?

AN OPEN BOAT

(From *The New Morning*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Barrel-Organ.")

Comparatively few poems have been written about the horrors of submarine warfare. Does this one gain in vividness by its briefness? Would you rather have had a longer poem describing the torpedoing of the ship, the escape to the open boat, perhaps some brave deed of the lover which cost him his life? What finally happened to them all?

ADMIRAL DUGOUT

(From *Small Craft*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Sailor Town.")

Super-dreadnoughts, cruisers, and destroyers were not the only ships that protected the North Sea. The plucky little trawlers equipped with mine-sweeping apparatus and a few "barkers" to riddle chance-met submarines played a heroic part in the struggle. Often they were commanded by men of exactly "Admiral Dugout's" type.

"THE AVENUE OF THE ALLIES"

(From *The New Morning*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Barrel-Organ.")

Throughout the Liberty Loan campaigns and the great accompanying parades, Fifth Avenue (New York) was a sight never to be forgotten. The sober brown, white and gray buildings were covered with a riot of color—thousands of flags of the Allied Nations, as far down the "lordly street" as eye could see.

What was Pentecost? What was "that world's Declaration?" What is the device on the Polish flag? What does "burgeons" mean?

Why does the poet take the scene at night, rather than in the daytime? Could you put the main thought of the poem into a few words? Does it make you any prouder of your country? Is it what you would have expected from an Englishman?

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

(From *Poems, Essays, and Letters*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Trees.")

Joyce Kilmer was a devoted Catholic, with a strong vein of religious mysticism in his temperament. What is the reverent and beautiful thought which comes to him in the midst of his trials? Do you think it would have occurred to the average soldier?

In the line "Men shout at me who may not speak," what is the antecedent of "who?"

THE SMALL TOWN CELEBRATES

(From *Boston Transcript*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Good Company.")

What were you doing on the dawn of November 11, 1918? What are some especially good bits of description? How is Old Boozer's "preaching" typical of a negro? Why introduce the boy? The puppy?

CONTINUITY

(From *Collected Poems*)

George W. Russell, who writes under the pseudonym "A.E.," is a middle-aged Irish poet and painter who is known and loved throughout all Ireland. His personality is calm, sincere, straightforward and strong, and he has abiding faith in the permanence of Good. His house in Dublin is a center for gracious hospitality and the stimulating of interest in social, artistic, and intellectual problems.

This poem was written in war-time. What special significance does it gain from that fact?

BABY PANTOMIME

(From *The Sistine Eve*)

Percy MacKaye is forty-six years old. He was educated at Harvard and Leipzig. He is a dramatic rather than a lyric poet, having written many plays and masques in verse. (You

would be interested in *The Canterbury Pilgrims* if you have read Chaucer.) He has lectured widely on the theater, and organized many community playhouses.

Do you know a long and difficult, but very beautiful poem by Wordsworth—one with an appalling title—of which this sounds like a humorous echo? Which of the gestures mentioned have you seen a baby make most frequently?

A MAN-CHILD'S LULLABY

(From *Poems*)

Brian Hooker was born in 1880, graduated from Yale, and has been instructor in English at Yale and at Columbia. He has written the libretto for several successful American operas, Horatio Parker writing the music. He is a literary editor on the *New York Sun*, and lately has become interested in the writing of "movies."

How does this differ from the preceding poem?

Do you remember the refrain of an old Elizabethan lullaby —"Sephestia's Song to Her Child"—which has this idea?

JUSTICE

(From *Candles That Burn*)

Aline Kilmer was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1888, and educated at a private school in New Jersey. She married Joyce Kilmer (q.v.) in 1908. Since his death, she has published a volume of verse, and she contributes to various magazines.

The Kilmers had four children. How old do you think Michael and his sister were when this happened? What primal instincts has the little girl developed? Does Michael realize his mother's decision is just?

SMELLS (JUNIOR)

(From *The Rocking-Horse*)

Christopher Morley was born in Pennsylvania in 1880. He graduated from Haverford, and from 1910–1913 was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. He has held editorial positions with Doubleday, Page & Company, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. He is now a literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, conducting an enjoyable "column." He writes fiction and essays, as well as verse.

Can you remember any scents which especially struck your fancy when you were a child?

THE RAG DOLLY'S VALENTINE

(From *The Laughing Muse*)

Arthur Guiterman was born in 1871, and graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1891. He has been a journalist and an editorial writer. Since 1911 he has contributed a great deal of humorous verse to *Life*. He has conducted classes in newspaper and magazine verse in New York University.

Why are children's favorite toys usually their most disreputable ones? What were you fond of taking to bed with you?

THE ANXIOUS FARMER

(From *Rhymes of Home*)

Burges Johnson was born in 1877, in Vermont, and graduated from Amherst in 1899. He has been a reporter, and held various editorial positions on different magazines. Since 1915 he has been associate professor of English at Vassar. He has written many books of humorous verse.

Don't you feel like illustrating this poem? Is the title well chosen? Is there any hope for the garden?

THE DEW-LIGHT

(From *Poems of a Little Girl*)

Little Hilda Conkling, the daughter of Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling (q.v.) has been composing verse since she was four years old. (She was born in 1910.) Her mother writes down these "songs" as Hilda gives them to her, carefully indicating by divisions and punctuation the original cadences of the child's voice. Hilda is an absolutely normal, happy, healthy little girl, in spite of her exceptional gift.

As far as technique goes, this might well have been written by an older person. What shows you clearly, however, that it is the work of a child?

THE SHADOW PEOPLE

(From *Complete Poems*)

Francis Ledwidge, the most promising of the young Irish poets, was only twenty-six when he was killed in action, July, 1917. He was a peasant boy with little education who had been a farmhand and laborer. But he had been writing creditable poetry since he was sixteen. We owe much to Lord Dunsany for "discovering" and encouraging him, and for making a collection of his verse, after his tragic death.

The poem was written while Ledwidge was in hospital in Egypt. Might the child be his remembered self? Why, anyway, is the child distinctly Irish? What two lines do you like best?

INCORRIGIBLE

(From *Rhymes of Little Folk*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Anxious Farmer.")

Is it the boy's apple-tree exploit that makes him "incorrigible"?

DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN

(From *Canzoni*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Een Napoli.")

Why is the father proud of his boy? the boy altogether worth being proud of?

LITTLE PAN

(From *Grenstone Poems*)

Witter Bynner was born in 1881, and graduated from Harvard in 1902. He has been an assistant editor and literary editor on various magazines, and a lecturer, as well as the writer of several volumes of verse. Recently he has been an instructor at the University of California.

Do you like the title of the poem? What line is most important?

One of my girls said that the youngster reminded her of Huck Finn or Tom Sawyer. Do you see why?

RUFUS PRAYS

(From *Oxford Poetry, 1916*)

Leonard A. G. Strong was born in Devonshire in 1896, and educated at private schools and Wadham College, Oxford. Kept out of the army by ill health, he taught for two years at Summer Fields, Oxford, to which he has now returned. In 1919 he published *Dallington Rhymes*, and has a volume of collected verse in preparation for 1921.

A boy said that this reminded him of the parable about the Pharisee and the publican.

Rufus has the repulsive outward marks of idiocy—why, then does he not repel us? What very beautiful conception of the future life does he phrase in his idiot way?

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

(From *Wild Earth and Other Poems*)

Padraic Colum was born in Ireland, 1881. Before coming to the United States to live (in 1914) he was an editor of the *Irish Review* (Dublin) and a founder of the Abbey Theater (Irish National Theater). He lectures on poetry and Irish literature. He has written plays and sketches as well as poems.

In Ireland, the female tramp, be she beggar, peddler, or mere wanderer, is a familiar figure. Synge has drawn a charming humorous picture of such an old woman and her husband in his comedy *The Well of the Saints*.

Might this longing find an echo in the hearts of any class in America?

Why wouldn't the old woman crave company in her little house?

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS

(From *Atlantic Monthly*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Wild Weather.")

What are "the ancient beautiful things" meant here? How do they differ from the delights of a home as pictured by "the old woman of the roads"? Do you recall a scene in a play by Maeterlinck which is suggested by the lines beginning, "How should we have chosen her?" What famous Bible text sounds like an answer to the last question?

YOU, FOUR WALLS, WALL NOT IN MY HEART!

(From *The Singing Man*)

Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Marks) was born in New York, and took her B. A. at Radcliffe in 1894. For a time she was in the English Department at Wellesley. She married in 1906. In 1910 her play *The Piper* was awarded the Stratford-on-Avon prize. She has published several volumes of verse.

Which poem do you think has a bigger thought, this or the preceding?

MY DOG

(From *Foothills of Parnassus*)

John Kendrick Bangs is a lecturer and humorist as well as a writer. Also, he has been an editor on various periodicals. He was born in 1862, and is a Columbia graduate. Two well-known books of his are *A Houseboat on the Styx,* and *Ghosts I Have Met.*

Why has this little poem given delight to readers of all ages?

IN SERVICE

(From *Songs of Leinster*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Spires of Oxford.")

Which picture do you prefer here—that of the wistful-eyed

little serving-maid in her unprecedented finery (even boots!), or that of the fishing-village which is her home?

Wordsworth once wrote a poem about a homesick country girl in town—do you know it?

MY SWEET BROWN GAL

(From *Lyrics of Love and Laughter*)

Paul Laurence Dunbar was born in Dayton, Ohio, and educated in the public schools there. For a time he was a journalist in New York, and then was on the staff of the Congressional Library. He published many small volumes of verse, beginning when he was twenty-one. His readings of his own poems delighted large audiences. His untimely death in 1906—he was only thirty-two—meant a great loss to American poetry.

Mr. Dunbar was the first American negro to stimulate interest in his race through poetry characteristic of them, and written in their dialect. Ever since his death, his influence has persistently showed itself in the ever-increasing attention given to negro "spirituals" and songs.

Warmth, peace, music from a beloved instrument—could the most palatial home offer much better things on a stormy night?

THE SUNKEN GARDEN

(From *Motley*)

(For biographical note, refer to preceding poem.)

What gives this poem the touch of mystery—"spookiness," as one of my pupils put it? ("The Listeners" is another

famous one of this type.) Louis Untermeyer has parodied this trait deliciously in his volume "*—and Others,*" where Walter de la Mare is supposed to tell the story of Jack and Jill. You would enjoy reading that—and other take-offs in the book, too.

What gives you the impression that the garden is an old one?

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

(From *Pictures of the Floating World*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Bombardment.")

One of Miss Lowell's passions is gardens. She has written many poems about them; you will find three others in this same volume.

Do you think gardens are lovelier by day or by moonlight? Does the touch of sadness seem natural on such a night? Do you like the introduction of the black cat? Compare and contrast this poem with the previous one.

TO MY BROTHER

(From *Service and Sacrifice*)

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson was the "Conie" of Theodore Roosevelt's boyhood diary—his younger sister, to whom he was always devoted. In her early twenties she married Douglas Robinson, the capitalist. Her two hobbies have been poetry —of which she has published two volumes—and politics, a game in which she has proved herself a forceful and vivacious speaker.

On the death of our great ex-President, many poetic tributes

were paid to him as an official, a statesman, and a leader. (The two best known, perhaps, are by Kipling and Masters—"Greatheart" and "At Sagamore Hill.") This tribute by his sister shows a side of greatness which popular estimation is apt to overlook.

The rhyme-scheme here is the one immortalized by Tennyson in a poem about a dear friend of his who had died. Do you know it?

A MILE WITH ME

(From *The Poems of Henry van Dyke*)

Henry van Dyke was born in Pennsylvania, 1852. He took his B. A. at Princeton in 1873, and studied further at several other universities, from which he holds other degrees. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1877. Later he was professor of English at Princeton. From 1913–16 he was American minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg. Besides poetry, he has written many essays.

Why would this poem be a good one to copy in an autograph album?

MY FRIEND

(From *Echoes and Realities*)

Walter Prichard Eaton was born in Massachusetts, 1878. He took his A. B. at Harvard in 1900. He has been dramatic correspondent and critic on various newspapers, and lately for the *American Magazine*. He has written fiction and sketches, especially for boys.

A certain fine reserve between even the best of friends is very characteristic of New Englanders. Do you like it, or do you prefer to share all your friends' secrets? What did Emerson say on this subject? Bacon? What two splendid traits does "my friend" possess? Do you think the comparison employed throughout is an apt one?

PEOPLE

(From *Spring Morning*)

Frances D. Cornford is the granddaughter of Charles Darwin. She was born in 1886. She married in 1909, her husband (Francis Macdonald Cornford) being a Fellow of and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. She has published a morality play, *Death and the Princess*, and two volumes of poems.

Dickens emphasizes this same idea in the opening paragraph of Chapter III, *A Tale of Two Cities*. Do you remember it? The last lines of the preceding poem, also, have this thought—with what difference? Mrs. Cornford originally called this poem "Social Intercourse." Does that suggest another difference?

SONG

(From *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Soldier.")

Rupert Brooke was simple, normal, healthy, balanced, to a fine degree. Such people rarely need to fear their emotions,

for they find them spontaneous, deep, and oddly familiar. What two false emotions which mark the unbalanced type of person are suggested in the first two stanzas? Can you think of others?

THE LOOK

(From *Love Songs*)

Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Filsinger) was born in St. Louis, 1884, and educated at private schools. She has traveled much abroad. She was married in 1914, and now lives in New York City. *Love Songs*, published in 1917, was awarded the Columbia prize of $500 for that year. She has brought out two other volumes of verse, and an anthology of love-poems by women.

What trait of human nature makes this little poem ring true? Would it be good to set to music?

TO A DISTANT ONE

(From *Collected Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Shadow People.")

This poem was written while Francis Ledwidge was in barracks, shortly before his death. Its prophecy, therefore, was never fulfilled on earth. But I can never read it without thinking of the young hero of a war-play *Across the Border*, by Beulah Marie Dix. All his life he has been looking for the girl who shall be "fragrance, light and life" to him, without

finding her. She is found at last, in the world beyond ours.

Ought a man to wait until he has something—and that doesn't mean merely money—to offer a girl? Why does the poet say, "Till Fame and other *little* things were won"?

MARY, HELPER OF HEARTBREAK

(From *The Old Road to Paradise*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Factories.")

A sixteenth century sonnet by Michael Drayton. "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part" has this same idea—that the best of reasoning is often but a crumbling wall against the sweeping tide of emotion, the most carefully marshaled arguments a vain defense against "the defeat we love better than victory." It is stated in the same way, too, with the unexpected twist at the end. Read the sonnet and see which of the two poems you consider more forceful.

GARDEN OF THE ROSE

(From *Star-Glow and Song*)

Charles Buxton Going was born in Westchester County, 1863. He is a Columbia graduate, and his vocation is engineering. During the war he was a major in the Ordnance Department. He has published two volumes about engineering, and three of poems.

A famous Elizabethan love-song "Cherry-Ripe" compares a girl's face to a garden of flowers; but this comparison is rather new. Do you think it is effective?

Mediaeval romances are full of brave knights, each of whom worshiped one maiden.

"by years of noble deeds
Until they won her."

Their fair but over-capricious lady-loves often kept them waiting for a length of time which must have sorely tried the lovers' patience. Yet even in this day of rapid-fire action, the wise lover will wait patiently. For if reverent respect for another's personality is a fine quality of friendship, it is indispensable in the most perfect but most difficult relationship of all.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN FOUNTAIN

(From *The Little Golden Fountain*)

Mary MacMillan was born in Ohio, and educated there and at Bryn Mawr College. She is a writer of plays (*Short Plays* and *More Short Plays*) articles, stories, and verse. She has a second volume of the latter in preparation.

Here is another "conceit," as old John Donne would have called it, still more elaborately carried out. Does its elaborateness detract from or add to the thought so old and yet forever new—"Mon coeur est plein de toi"? (Do you know Tosti's setting of that song?)

SONGS OF A GIRL

(From *Youth Riding*)

Mary Carolyn Davies was married in 1919, but still writes under her maiden name. She is by birth a Far-Westerner; she studied at the University of California, 1911–12, and later at New York University. She was among the founders of *Others*, a group of free verse writers. She has published several volumes of poems and plays.

What feeling is here shown to be the foundation of true love?

PSALM TO MY BELOVED

(From *Body and Raiment*)

Eunice Tietjens (Mrs. Head) was born in 1884, in Chicago. She studied much abroad, and after her first marriage completed a tour of the world. She was formerly an associate editor of *Poetry*. Her first book was *Profiles from China*.

Every one acknowledges that the Psalms, though written as prose, are poetry in a very true sense of the word. This little poem is deliberately modeled on their long, flowing cadences, and their trick of repetition. It is particularly a poem that needs reading aloud.

One of the most beautiful of all German love-songs, "Widmung," by Rückert, (the famous setting is by Schumann) has somewhat this idea, especially in the line, "Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden."

THE REFLECTION

(From *The Rocking Horse*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Smells—Junior.")

Is the woman mother, sister, or wife? What is the secret of her personal influence over the man? Is she conscious of it? Is he? When you finally meet people of whom you have heard a great deal, do you find the reality the same as "the reflection"?

A LYNMOUTH WIDOW

(From *In Deep Places*)

Amelia Josephine Burr was born in New York City, 1878, and is a graduate of Hunter College. During the war she did interesting volunteer work of various kinds. Recently she has made a trip around the world. She has published one novel, two volumes of plays, and five volumes of verse.

Why is this short poem so powerful? What good bit of psychology does it contain?

PARTING

(From *Poetry*)

Alice Corbin was born in St. Louis. In 1905 she married William Penhallow Henderson, the artist. Since 1912 she

has been an associate editor of *Poetry*, and although severely handicapped by ill-health, has done much for the magazine, especially by her researches among old folk-songs. With Miss Monroe, she compiled *The New Poetry* (1917). She has published one volume of verse, and one of plays.

This is an "interpretation," rather than an exact translation, of an old Indian poem. A splendid anthology, Cronyn's *Path on the Rainbow*, containing many other poems of this same sort, indicates the awakening interest of modern Americans in the oldest American literature. Incidentally, we don't feel so modern when we discover that all these poems were in free verse.

What famous poem did Burns write about a dear old couple who had almost reached the end of a happy life together?

THE PENALTY OF LOVE

(From *Poems of the Unknown Way*)

Sidney Royse Lysaght is a scholarly, wealthy, widely-traveled Irish author, now middle-aged. He has published two volumes of verse and three novels.

How does this differ from the other love-poems you have just read? What is "the penalty" of love, even when one's love is returned? Did Elaine think that the joy of her own love was worth this penalty, when her love was not requited? Did Sydney Carton? Why is any one "poor" if he turns love from his door?

BARTER

(From *Love Songs*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Look.")

Seventy-odd years ago, with the spirit of the Puritans still strong upon him, James Russell Lowell wrote:

> "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
> Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
> For a cap and bell our lives we pay.
> Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking."

Is the view of this poem Pagan, in contrast? Or are the things to be bartered of a slightly different sort? What are some other bits of loveliness that Life has sold to you?

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

(From *Poems*)

Ralph Hodgson has always shunned publicity of any kind. Therefore, little is known of him, except that he is about forty, lives a quiet life in the country, and is very fond of animals. He has published only two volumes of poems (in 1907 and 1917) and those very small ones, but the quality of his verse is the opposite of the quantity.

Humor and solemnity are not usually supposed to exist at the same time. How does the poet introduce the former without detracting from the latter?

SONNET

(From *Poems, First Series*)

John Collings Squire was born in 1884; educated at Blundell's and Cambridge. He has published clever parodies and a good deal of original verse, and has been interested in the editing of literary magazines. His latest venture is *The London Mercury,* a delightful monthly covering poetry, novels, essays, etc.

Do you think this sonnet is more effective than it would be if it were written from the point of view of Columbus and his sailors? (By the way, do you know a famous poem about Columbus?) What were "caravels"? Why are they called "doom-burdened"?

PROVINCETOWN

(From *The Independent*)

Marie Louise Hersey (Mrs. Forbes) was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1895; educated in schools there and in Denver, Colorado; graduated from Radcliffe College in 1916, married in 1918. She has not yet published a volume of verse, but her work has appeared in magazines and anthologies.

This, as you may guess, is a "tercentenary" poem. In few towns along the New England coast is the contrast between the old America and the new more sharply impressed on one than in Provincetown.

What are some particularly beautiful bits of description in the poem?

AMERICA

(From *Mushrooms*)

Alfred Kreymborg was born in 1883, in New York City, where he still lives. He has published three books of original verse, been the founder and editor of two anthologies of Imagist verse, and been the first to introduce free verse into drama, in his *Plays for Poem Mimes.*

Because of Mr. Kreymborg's whimsical fancies and fearless humor, critics have accused him of flippancy. His friends know him to be a tireless, quiet, earnest toiler with a deep vein of seriousness. Do you see both sides of him in this poem, or does one predominate?

Why is the "boy" calling "All, One"?

RECESSIONAL

(From *Rudyard Kipling's Poems; Inclusive Edition*)

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897, was the occasion of such rejoicing and splendor as England had seldom known. Poets outdid themselves in florid tributes to the greatness of their Queen and their country. You can judge what an effect this poem produced, under the circumstances. Why did the poet choose this title? Why has the poem been so often quoted within the last few years? Is it at all applicable to America?

The best-known musical setting of this poem is by Reginald de Koven.

IF

(For biographical note, refer to "The Feet of the Young Men.")

Emerson once called parody a "saucy homage." This poem has had that sort of homage paid to it time and time again. Why is it worth serious admiration, as well? Which "if" would be the hardest one for you?

COURAGE

(From *Moods, Songs, and Doggerel*)

John Galsworthy was born in 1867. He began writing young, and has had a most successful career as essayist, novelist, and dramatist; he has also published one volume of poems. During part of the war, he gave his services at an English hospital for French soldiers. He has made several lecture-tours of the United States, and done much to strengthen the friendly relations between Britons and Americans.

Courage—not only the kind that rises to emergencies, but the kind that holds on with a bulldog grip through a long, weary ordeal—has always been a superlative virtue of the English. A superb anthology might be made of English poems glorifying courage. Can you think of five or six famous ones?

PRAYER

(From *Challenge*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Highmount.")

What aspirations mark this "prayer" as being one of the

twentieth century? Why should one pray to be kept from "sleek contentment" and from "compromise"? What line in the poem reminds you of the two you have just read?

A CREED

(From *The Shoes of Happiness*)

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, 1852, and his boyhood years were spent on a ranch, where he learned everything from farming to blacksmithing. He attended San José Normal School and two Western colleges, and was in succession a teacher, a school principal, and a superintendent of schools in California. He began writing poetry when young, and since 1899, has devoted himself almost entirely to that and lecturing.

"The Man with the Hoe," (a poem inspired by Millet's famous painting) which Mr. Markham published in 1899, created a great sensation. It emphasizes the age-long oppression of the poor, the power dormant in these masses, and the responsibility of the ruling class toward them—a responsibility which they may realize too late, in the hour of rebellion. We appreciate that fact quite fully to-day. This poem, however—dedicated by a Christian to a Jew—emphasizes another significant fact which is not yet fully appreciated. Do you think it will be within the next twenty years? You notice it's a rather broader question than that of mere religious toleration.

THE GREAT LOVER

(From *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Soldier.")

Do you see any significance in the fact that this poem was written while Brooke was visiting one of the most beautiful places in the world? Why do some people love life more intensely than others? What is the danger in the "catalogue" type of poem? How does Brooke avert it?

GIFTS

(From *Factories*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Factories.")

Do you think it is pessimistic to anticipate the difference between hope and achievement? Why, as one grows older, should he appreciate the little things more and more? Does such appreciation make him give up struggling for the big things? What did Browning say about a man's reach and his grasp?

RICHARD CORY

(From *Children of the Night*)

Edwin Arlington Robinson was born in Maine, 1869. From 1891–1893 he was at Harvard. *Children of the Night* was his first publication. From 1905–1910 he was in the New York Custom House. *The Man Against the Sky* (1916) won great praise. He now devotes himself entirely to literature.

Do you see any connection between the story of this poem and the Tenth Commandment? How does Richard Cory show himself "a gentleman of the old school"? What might have driven him to suicide? Technically speaking, do you consider this a well-written poem?

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

(From *Grenstone Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Little Pan.")

Many fine poems have been written by Americans about this great President. Five of them (four besides this) will be found in Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry.* This one my own particular classes have usually liked the best, because they say it "sounds the most human."

SUNSET

(From *The Sistine Eve*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Baby Pantomine.")

Is the double concept novel? Appealing? What was the impression of life in general, and especially of old age, given by Jaques in his famous speech about the "seven ages"? Contrast with that the impression given by the sestet here.

SILENCE

(From *Songs and Satires*)

Edgar Lee Masters was born in Kansas, 1869. In his boyhood he lived on a farm. His father was anxious he should become a lawyer; so he attended Knox College, practised in an office, and was admitted to the bar in 1891. His law career

has been very successful; he has also been interested and influential in Illinois politics; but his heart has always been in his writing, which his family opposed and which for many years failed to gain him recognition. But since the publication of *Spoon River Anthology,* fame, though tardy, has made up to him for lost time. He has published five volumes since.

Which conception of silence—a consolation, a refuge, a weapon, a promise,—appeals to you most?

THE COWBOY'S DREAM

(From *Cowboy Songs*)

John A. Lomax is a professor in the University of Texas. He is a graduate of that university and of Harvard. As Sheldon Fellow for the Investigation of American Ballads he traveled far and wide to make this collection—a task for which he was particularly fitted because his boyhood was spent on the old Chisholm Trail in Texas. He has recently published a second collection called *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp.*

Though interest in these ballads is recent, their composition belongs mainly to the '60's and '70's, when the old fashioned cowboy was a familiar figure and a real force in Western civilization. They grew up in much the same manner that the old English ballads did; they often have as many different versions; like their prototypes, they are usually sung. This particular one has been selected partly because it is set to a tune familiar enough for you to sing it. Shut the classroom door and try!

The note of moralizing, and even of melancholy, is quite as evident in these songs as the note of rollicking cheer and daring. Do you see why?

*The term "dogie" (g soft) meant originally a motherless calf; it came to be generally applied to any cattle. "Maverick" means the same.

*For this information and much of the above I am indebted to Professor Lomax.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

(From *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "An Indian Summer Day on the Prairie.")

Mr. Lindsay has a peculiar and effective method of reciting his poetry. He chants it (with or without musical accompaniment), and by his rich and flexible voice creates almost orchestral effects. The English poet, Siegfried Sassoon, after hearing him in America last year, wrote an "impression" of the recital which begins:

> "Switch on the golden lights and set him going:
> Foam-flowers and dragons; *rag-time glorious.*"

The catchy rhythms and dramatic delivery often result in just that.

Do you think the poem represents the spirit of the Salvation Army? One of my boys said he thought the treatment of the subject was over-theatrical and resulted in cheapness. (Do you agree with him?) But he went on to give two reasons why he liked the poem. What do you think they were?

THE DEVIL

(From *Poetical Works*)

William Henry Drummond was a Canadian, born in 1854. He was educated at McGill and Bishops University (Montreal). By vocation he was a physician, but by avocation a writer of verse and a lecturer. He was widely known in the United States as well as in Canada. He was a great athlete and lover of the outdoors; thus he knew, first-hand, a great deal about rural French-Canadian life, the chief subject of his verse. He died in 1907.

The idea of a man's selling his soul to the devil in return for material gifts in this world is a very old one. What is one of the most famous versions? How does this one differ? How do you suppose a story like this might begin and grow, in a small settlement of superstitious people? Would they take it seriously, or regard it as an entertaining "fish story?"

By "election man" is meant the typical honey-tongued politician who stumps the more remote districts to get votes for his party.

THE HOST OF THE AIR

(From *Poems*)

William Butler Yeats was born in Dublin, 1865. He attended schools at Hammersmith and Dublin, his early interest being in the study of art. But at twenty-one, he decided he

preferred literature as a career. He did memorable work as a founder of the Abbey Theater, thus laying the foundation for the re-awakening of Irish national interest in the drama, and has written several plays for its stage. (You would like, especially, *The Land of Heart's Desire.*) He has also written many poems. Last year he made a lecture tour in the United States.

A very interesting collection of Irish folk-lore may be found in Lady Gregory's latest book, *Visions and Beliefs of the West of Ireland.* In the Preface, she sums up the various superstitions concerning the "Sidhe" or "host of the air." These strange beings have been since the foundation of the world. Not every one can see them, and they often change their own shapes in any way they choose. "They are as many as the blades of grass. . . . Fighting is heard among them, and music that is more beautiful than any of this world." Often they bewitch strong young men or beautiful young women to come and live with them for seven years, or twice seven years, or perhaps their whole allotted lifetimes, sending them back to earth only to die. "While these are away, a body in their likeness, or the likeness of a body, is left lying in their place." Not only mortals but those who have recently died, may be found among the Sidhe. "When the Sidhe pass by in a blast of wind we should say some words of blessing, for there may be among them some of our own dead."

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

(From *Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to preceding poem.)

This has been set to very jolly music, by Sidney Homer.

By the way, what qualities must a poem possess, if it is

to be given a musical setting? What poet, himself a musician, indicated the proper relations of words to music, when he said:

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse"?

THE FAUN SEES SNOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

(From *Images—Old and New*)

Richard Aldington was born in 1892, educated at Dover College and London University. Leaving before completion of his course, he did newspaper work for awhile, then traveled on the Continent. In 1913 he became assistant editor of the *Egoist*. In 1916 he joined the army, soon being promoted to officer's rank for great bravery. Since 1918, he has been on the staff of the London *Times*. He is regarded as the leading "Imagist" poet in England. In 1913 he married "H. D." (Hilda Doolittle), one of the young American Imagists. He is the London correspondent of *Poetry*.

Mr. Aldington's intense admiration for the poetry of ancient Greece has influenced many of his own verses, not only in subject-matter, but in beauty and in finish.

Have you ever heard Debussy's "L'Après-Midí d'une Faune," with its atmosphere of summer warmth and perfume, and sunlight shimmering through green leaves? If you have, you can imagine all the better the impotent anger, dismay, and misery of this poor creature who finds himself shivering in the midst of a world he has never known before. Yet you have to laugh at him. Why?

The epithets and allusions employed are most appropriate. Can you explain them all?

ETIQUETTE

(From *The Laughing Muse*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Rag Dolly's Valentine.")

This is an amusing variation of a story told over five hundred years ago by Geoffrey Chaucer—about a fox who got a rooster into his power by flattering him and then was in turn foiled by the rooster. It's *The Nun's Priest's Tale.* Read it, in the original if you can, and if not in *The Modern Reader's Chaucer,* by Tatlock and MacKaye. The animal story is more in vogue now than it has been since the Middle Ages—the difference being, however, that they endowed their animal-heroes with human attributes, and we do not.

THE POTATOES' DANCE

(From *The Chinese Nightingale*)

(For biographical note, refer to "An Indian Summer Day on the Prairie.")

This is a "poem game," a form with which Mr. Lindsay has experimented a good deal. The volume from which this is taken contains an interesting preface to the "poem games," the substance of it being as follows: The poem is chanted, and with the chanting of each line a dancer illustrates the action or idea of the line by steps or by expressive pantomime. (As you will guess at once, the repetition of the lines is necessary to give time for the dancer's illustrative motions.) "But neither the dancing nor the chanting nor any other thing should be allowed to run away with the original inten-

tion of the words." (This particular poem was once chanted for the Florence Fleming Noyes school of dancers, who made it into "a veritable whirlwind.") The audience, also, may take its part in playing certain games where responses are necessary. (See "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.") The whole point is to sweep the audience into the poet's own mood, and to make them realize the tremendous suggestiveness of the rhythms of English speech.

If any of you are interested in interpretative dancing, why not try this yourselves?

DAGONET, ARTHUR'S FOOL

(From *Aldebaran*)

Muriel St. Clare Byrne is twenty-five years old. She was educated at The Belvedere School (Liverpool), and Somerville College, Oxford, of which University she is a M.A. She has taught school, been to France as a Y. M. C. A. staff-lecturer in English in the Army Schools, and is now an assistant-tutor in Oxford.

In which one of Tennyson's *Idylls* does one hear most of Dagonet?

Show that this little poem stops at just the right minute.

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

(From *Collected Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Barrel-Organ.")

For several hundred years after the Crusades, Europeans were extremely curious—and densely ignorant—about the strange, dim "rich East." In 1420, or so, everybody was

talking about a book called *Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Mandeville,* supposedly by a returned traveler who had seen all the wonders of Asia. It told of one-eyed giants, dwarfs with no tongues, wild geese with two heads apiece, kings whose thrones, tables and chairs were of gold and jewels, a huge lake made of the tears which Adam and Eve had wept when they were driven out of Paradise, etc. A long time afterward, it was discovered that "Sir John" never existed, and his literary creator had never been to Asia, but had merely drawn on old books of travel and a very fertile imagination. But the book is still vastly entertaining reading for a stormy afternoon. Chapter 27 is the one in which Prester John is mentioned. He was a supposed Christian king and priest, reputed to rule over a huge and marvelously wealthy territory in Asia.

Do you remember who Polyphemus was? What is the force of the comparison in stanzas 1 and 2? What do you consider the most ludicrous part of the sailors' experience? What was the Phœnix? Why represent the men, finally, as not sure what had happened?

WHEN SHAKESPEARE LAUGHED

(From *The Rocking-Horse*)

(For biographical note, refer to "Smells—Junior.")

In what plays by Shakespeare do we laugh with—or at—Falstaff, Puck and Caliban? What other plays have you read which show what a keen sense of humor the great dramatist must have possessed? What are the little touches here which make the whole picture lifelike? (Ben Jonson was very fat.) Alfred Noyes' *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* give elaborately and quite wonderfully the "local color" which is just suggested here.

Perhaps you have noticed that the verse-form is exactly that of "In Flanders Fields." Why is the effect here utterly different?

SUGGESTED BY THE COVER OF A VOLUME OF KEATS'S POEMS

(From *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*)

(For biographical note, refer to "The Bombardment.")

Miss Lowell has always admired greatly the works of John Keats. (When did he live, and what are some of his most famous poems?) As perhaps you remember, he died of consumption when he was only twenty-six.

How would you know that the author of this poem was a lover of the great out-doors?

THE SHEPHERD TO THE POET

(From *The Transcript*)

Agnes Kendrick Gray was born in 1894. She has lived on army posts in this country and the Philippines and traveled in China, Japan, and Hawaii. She graduated from Leland Stanford in 1915, and studied at Radcliffe 1916–1917. She has been Assistant Editor and Translator of *The New France*, and published a translation of a French book on spiritualism. Her poems have appeared in magazines and anthologies.

How many people do you know whose opinion of poets resembles the shepherd's? Do you think these "benighted

brethren'' could ever be converted? What makes a man useful, in this world?

TO YOURSELF

(From *Grenstone Poems*)

(For biographical note, refer to ''Little Pan.'')

What element present in most good poetry is emphasized here? Do you think the poetic instinct is inherent in the majority of people, needing merely a chance for expression? Can one cultivate the habit of expressing himself in poetry? Would such a habit be worth while? Have any poems in this book made you wish that you could write poetry?

SUPPLEMENTARY READING LIST

Here are one hundred and seventy-five additional titles of recent poems you may like. All but a few may be found in volumes published by the poets themselves, and if you have access to a good library, it is fun to hunt them up in those volumes. But since the average school library contains merely anthologies of modern verse, only those poems are given here which may also be found in one or more of twelve well-known collections, as follows:

Braithwaite, Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse.
Braithwaite, Modern British Verse
Clarke, Treasury of War Poetry (2 series)
Foxcroft, War Verse
Monroe and Henderson, The New Poetry
Poetry Bookshop (publishers), Georgian Poetry, 1911–1919 (separate volumes)
Richards, High-Tide
Rittenhouse, Little Book of Modern Verse
Rittenhouse, Second Book of Modern Verse
Wilkinson, New Voices
Untermeyer, Modern American Poetry
Untermeyer, Modern British Poetry

With this limitation, the list is by no means a complete one. It omits some poems not yet released to anthologies, like "Greatheart" by KIPLING, and "Smoke and Steel" by SANDBURG; long poems like "Dauber" by MASEFIELD (part of this, however, is given in *Modern British Poetry*); *Crescent Moon* by TAGORE (translated from the Bengali), and *Peacock Pie* by DE LA MARE, volumes of child poems; negro songs and cowboy ballads, like *Fifty Years and Other Poems,* by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON and the two anthologies, *Cowboy Songs* and *Songs of the Cattle Trail* by JOHN A. LOMAX.

All these you would enjoy. However, by the time you have finished even half of the poems mentioned here, you will be familiar enough with the names of contemporary poets to continue your researches for yourself.

Aiken, Miracles, Morning Song of Senlin
Aldington, In the Trenches, In the British Museum, To a Greek Marble
Anonymous (Foxcroft), The Voices, "They Also Serve . . ." Crocuses at Nottingham
Belloc, The South Country
Benét, S. V., Portrait of a Boy
Bewsher, Searchlights
Bottomley, Netted Strawberries
Braneh, Songs for My Mother
Brooke, The Dead, The Fish
Brown, A. F., The Heritage
Burnet, Gayheart
Burr, Lie-Awake Songs, Kitchener's March, Where Love Is
Bynner, A Thrush in the Moonlight
Campbell, J., I am the Mountainy Singer
Campbell, N., The Monkey
Campbell, W., Langemarck at Ypres
Carman, Lord of My Heart's Elation
Carruth, Each in His Own Tongue
Cather, "Grandmither, Think Not I Forget"
Cawein, Aubade
Chapman, Song of the Zeppelin
Chesterton, The Song of Elf, Lepanto
Coates, Indian-Pipe
Conkling, Refugees
Corbin, Echoes of Childhood
Crapsey, Cinquains
Daly, Da Leetla Boy, Mia Carlotta, Song of the Thrush
Davies, W. H., The Rain
Davis, F. S., Souls
De la Mare, The Listeners, Nod
Dobson, "When There Is Peace"
H. D., Orchard, Oread, The Shrine
Doyle, The Guards Came Through
Drinkwater, Symbols, Politics, May Garden, The Midlands
Drummond, Little Bateese, Little Lac Grenier
Dunbar, Hymn, A Coquette Conquered
Dunsany, Songs from an Evil Wood
Ficke, "I am in love with far, high-seeing places"

Fletcher, Rain in the Desert, Lincoln
Forman, The Three Lads
Frank, The Jew to Jesus
Freeman, Music Comes, November Skies
Frost, Mending Wall, The Gum-Gatherer
Gibson, Color, Oblivion, Gold, The Messages
Gilbert, The Mandrake's Horrid Scream
Glasgow, A Lullaby
Gore-Booth, The Waves of Breffny
Graves, It's a Queer Time
Guiney, Tryste Noël
Guiterman, In the Hospital
Hardy, The Man He Killed
Hodgson, Eve
Housman, Reveillé
Hovey, The Sea Gypsy
Hueffer, Children's Song
Kilmer, J., Martin
Kipling, The Choice, Road-Song of the Bandar Log, Gunga Din, The Conundrum of the Workshops
Kreymborg, A., Idealists, Old Manuscript
Lawrence, D. H., Piano
Ledwidge, Behind the Closed Eye
Lee, A., Motherhood
Letts, Chaplain to the Forces, The Call To Arms in Our Street
Lindsay, The Santa Fé Trail, Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight, The Congo, The Chinese Nightingale
Lowell, Patterns, Madonna of the Evening Flowers, To A Lady
MacDonagh, Wishes For My Son
MacGill, Before the Charge
MacKaye, School
Markham, Lincoln, The Man of the People; The Man with the Hoe
Masefield, Tewksbury Road, The Island of Skyros
Masters, Lucinda Matlock
Monro, Milk for the Cat, Solitude
Monroe, Love Song, On the Porch
Morgan, Work, The Choice
Morley, To the Oxford Men in the War
Morton, Symbol
Neibardt, Let Me Live Out My Years

Newbolt, Drake's Drum
Nichols, The Assault, The Full Heart
Norton, I Give Thanks
Noyes, Kilmeny, A Song of Sherwood, Unity
Oppenheim, The Lonely Child, The Slave
Owen, Three Hills
Patch, My Rosary
Peabody, A Dog, Cradle Song, The House and the Road
Phillips, The Kaiser and Belgium
Phillpotts, Death and the Flowers
Pound, Piccadilly
Rendall, The Wind
Reese, A Christmas Folk-Song
Rice, The Immortal, Chanson of the Bells of Osenéy
Robinson, E. A., Cassandra, Flammonde
Sandburg, Cool Tombs, Loam Grass
Sassoon, Dreamers, Aftermath
Schauffler, R. H., "Scum o' the Earth"
Scollard, The King of Dreams
Seaman, Thomas of the Light Heart
Service, Fleurette
Shepard, A Nun
Simms, The Bridge-Builders
Sorley, To Germany
Squire, To a Bull-Dog
Stephens, In the Poppy Field, What Tomas An Buile Said in a Pub
Sterling, Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium
Teasdale, The Lamp, Spring Night
Tietjens, The Most-Sacred Mountain
Torrence, The Son
Trotter, The Poplars
Tynan, High Summer, The Making of Birds
Tyrrell, My Son
Untermeyer, J. S., Autumn
Untermeyer, L., Summons, Caliban in the Coal-Mines
Upcott, Brother Fidelis
Watson, The Battle of the Bight
Wheelock, Earth, Spring
Widdemer, A Cyprian Woman
Williams, Sicilian Emigrant's Song

Woodberry, The Child
Yeats, The Ballad of Father Gilligan

A short list of books containing criticism or discussing matters of poetic technique is also given. Most of them are fairly difficult reading, but if you are really interested to pursue the subject further, they are well worth while.

Aiken, Skepticisms
Fletcher, Preface to *Irradiations*
Fletcher, Preface to *Goblins and Pagodas*
Lowes, Convention and Revolt in Poetry
Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry, Preface to *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*
Newbolt, A New Study of English Poetry
Perry, A Study of Poetry
Phelps, The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century
Untermeyer, The New Era in American Poetry

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